

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 142

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

THE PLEASURE OF BOOKS

RIGHT HON. C. R. ATTLEE

GREECE'S STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL

KENNETH ROSE

A WISE TRAVELLER

SIR STANLEY REED

OUR LIVING LANGUAGE

IVOR BROWN

THE PATTERN OF SAVINGS

ALEXANDER MILTON

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, JOHN BIGGS-
DAVISON, R. L. McEWEN, EDWARD HYAMS, ERIC GILLET,
R. M. W. MARSH, CANON ROGER LLOYD, FRED URQUHART,
MILWARD KENNEDY AND ALEC ROBERTSON

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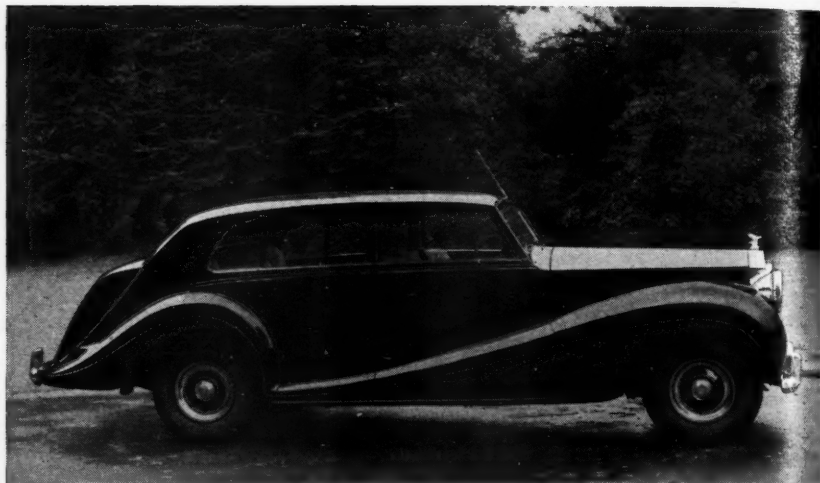
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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

BEST wishes to all our readers at the beginning of 1954. It is pleasant to reflect that the world outlook is considerably brighter than it was this time last year. Even since we wrote last month an important change for the better has occurred. The Russians suddenly reversed their original decision not to attend a Foreign Ministers' Conference, and such a Conference will now, we hope, soon be taking place in Berlin. Too much should not be expected of it, but it is at least possible that some progress may be made towards an Austrian Treaty and towards an understanding on Germany. If so, the way would be clear for a meeting of Heads of Government, at which the whole range of policy could be surveyed and more substantial agreements reached.

Was Bermuda a Failure?

SOME people have come to regard top-level meetings as valueless, or even dangerous. They point with anger to Yalta, and now they are pointing with derision to Bermuda. What, they ask, was achieved by President Eisenhower, Sir Winston Churchill and M. Laniel? The latter almost immediately took to his bed and France was represented in the discussions by M. Bidault, who is not, apparently, in perfect harmony with his chief. The two English-speaking leaders, good friends already, were no better friends as a result of the conference. And the final communiqué was a masterpiece of vacuity.

All this may be true, but we are sure Bermuda served a very useful purpose. "Big" meetings are no substitute for the normal methods of diplomacy, but there are times when they are needed as a supplement and reinforcement to those methods. Much can be said in conversation which cannot be said in writing, and even if decisions are not immediately taken many obstacles to decision can be removed. In dealing with a dictatorial régime the direct approach is more than ever vital, provided all negotiation is based upon strength and there are no gratuitous concessions, such as Roosevelt made at Yalta and Chamberlain at Munich. There must, however, be compromise and give-and-take, and these can only be achieved in secret discussion.

Eisenhower's Speech to the U.N. Assembly

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER went straight from Bermuda to New York where, on December 8, he gave a striking address to the General Assembly of the United Nations. In this he suggested that Governments involved in the development of atomic energy should make joint contributions of "normal uranium and fissionable materials" to an international agency, presumably under the ægis of the U.N., which would make use of them for peaceful purposes. To give point to his suggestion he had begun by saying that "atomic bombs to-day are more than twenty-five times as powerful as the weapons with which the atomic age dawned, while hydrogen weapons are in the region of millions of tons of T.N.T. equivalent." The United States was daily adding to its stockpile of atomic weapons, which at present "exceeds by many times the explosive equivalent of the total of all bombs and all shells that came from every plane and every gun in every theatre of war through all the years of World War II." This stupendous statement carries the obvious moral that, unless atomic energy is controlled and used constructively, it may put an end to civilization and even to life on this planet.

Was he Wise to Speak?

ACCORDING to some American observers Sir Winston Churchill, while approving the contents of Mr. Eisenhower's speech, which was shown to him in advance, was not at all happy about its being delivered. He had himself turned down the idea that he might address the General Assembly on his way home from Bermuda, and Americans were tempted to explain his attitude towards Mr. Eisenhower's acceptance in terms of personal pique and the wounded vanity of an old man. "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*" It was an arresting theory which no doubt gave the press-men, starved of genuine information, something juicy to bite on. But for our part we should not be inclined to take it too seriously.

If in fact Sir Winston was reluctant that the speech should be delivered, we can think of one reason for this more plausible by far than the one which has been suggested. When negotiations are pending, and there is the chance of breaking a deadlock between Great Powers, it is on the whole preferable that the leading statesmen of those Powers should remain silent in public, or should confine themselves to broad expressions of hope and goodwill. Definite proposals should be kept for the conference room, because an offer made on behalf of one nation in public may be refused, as a matter of pride, by some other nation; whereas the same offer, put forward secretly, could emerge in the form of a joint decision by the various Powers concerned. We wonder, therefore, if Mr. Eisenhower was altogether wise to make his atomic proposal unilaterally, and in circumstances of such glaring publicity.

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First Reactions

BUT it would be churlish to insist upon the element of tactlessness in Mr. Eisenhower's speech, because its merits are so outstanding. First reactions to it were generally favourable, and in many quarters they were enthusiastic. The Russians' immediate response was negative, but they have since been at pains to say that the President's suggestion will be carefully studied.

There can be no doubt that a new basis has been provided for the discussion of disarmament, and of atomic disarmament in particular. Instead of working for a system of prohibition and inspection—which has shown every sign of being unattainable and which would probably also be impracticable—the American Government is now thinking on a different line. The existing stocks of warlike atomic material will not be touched; the past, as it were, will be written off. But for the future those Powers which have atomic resources will be encouraged to dedicate them, in equal measure, to the cause of peace rather than to that of war. This is certainly a noble conception.

“Elementary Prudence”

AMATEUR strategists and, for that matter, professional strategists are bound to object to any scheme which appears to deprive the West of its only effective safeguard against Communist aggression. But for the United States' atomic lead the whole of Europe, perhaps even the whole world, would by now have been overrun. Why therefore introduce a system of control over the one form of armament in which the West has a preponderance, leaving the Communists free to conquer by other means? This is an objection which we cannot afford to ignore.

Fortunately Mr. Eisenhower himself has not ignored it; he has taken it into account and has offered to contribute to the atomic pool only “to the extent permitted by elementary prudence.” This condition may be said to cover every possible doubt and danger. The offer stands, and it is a perfectly sincere offer; but there is also the assurance that the balance of power will be maintained.

Tonic for American Morale

WE mentioned earlier the rumour that Sir Winston Churchill had felt the actual delivery of the President's speech to be inopportune. While accepting this as nothing more than a rumour (and therefore probably untrue), we gave both an American interpretation of the Prime Minister's motives and an alternative interpretation of our own. Whatever the facts of the case may be—and the Prime Minister may clear them up once and for all when he speaks in the foreign affairs debate, just after

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we go to press—we believe that the American theory deserves notice, if only as a psychological symptom.

No one can doubt the affection and veneration which Americans feel for Sir Winston Churchill. On the other hand it must at times be irksome for them, conscious as they are of their nation's material leadership in the free world, to see the intellectual and moral leadership being exercised by a British statesman. It must have seemed to them, for instance, when Churchill made his famous speech of May 11, that they were destined to be "also rans" in the diplomatic race, and it would have been very natural for them to desire some bold, sensational initiative from their own leader. Now that desire has been satisfied and we are convinced that the President's U. N. speech has acted as a valuable tonic to American morale.

May 11 and December 8

THE two speeches—Sir Winston's of May 11 and President Eisenhower's of December 8—had this much in common, that they both aroused world-wide interest and helped to give a new direction to policy. We must, however, in fairness to Sir Winston, point out that his speech was vaguer, and therefore more diplomatic, than the President's. In making his appeal for top-level talks he was careful not to anticipate the subject-matter of such talks, except in his reference to Locarno, which was perhaps the least felicitous moment in his speech. The controversy which greeted even this brief and innocent lapse into precision should be a warning to statesmen to avoid such lapses in the future.

In domestic politics we should be on our guard against the speaker who is pleasantly obscure; but in international politics he is an asset, provided he is also capable of hard realism in the conference room. We suggest that Ministers responsible for foreign affairs should "talk shop" as little as possible in public. If Mr. Dulles, for instance, had made no speeches and held no press conferences during his term of office, his record of achievement might be more impressive than it is. But he is not the only offender; this is the age of publicity as well as that of atomic energy, and national leaders are expected to behave like film stars. They do so at the risk of their lives—and ours.

Russian Motives

NO task is now more necessary, and none more difficult, than to seek an assessment of Russian motives. That there is a "new look" in Soviet foreign policy is beyond question. But is it prompted by a sincere desire for peace or is it yet another stratagem for dividing the free world and bringing about its enslavement to Communism? That is the riddle.

Of course we do not presume to know the answer, but we think it is possible to eliminate one rather silly line of argument and to bear in

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mind another which is perhaps rather less silly. Let us avoid asking whether or not there has been a "change of heart" in the Kremlin. This is a foolish and irrelevant phrase to use when discussing the behaviour of Great Powers. If the Soviet leaders have decided that for the time being they would prefer peaceful relations with the West, that is as much as we can hope for. We cannot expect any immediate spiritual conversion.

A Post-Revolutionary Régime ?

IT may, however, be of some value to compare the course of the Russian Revolution with that of the French Revolution—another aggressive, proselytizing movement. If Stalin is compared with Robespierre, the cold, ruthless, "incorruptible" fanatic, with whom can we compare Malenkov? Is he the same sort of man, or is he—as we have tentatively suggested before—a Communist by self-interest rather than by conviction? If the latter, it is permissible to visualize the Russian Revolution as having passed into a stage analogous to that of France under the Directory. We cannot be sure of that—it is only a speculation—but if it happens to be true, then it is most important that Malenkov should be more successful than Barras, and that his régime should not soon be replaced by that of a military adventurer. Western policy may have some influence, for good or ill, upon the course of events in Russia. We trust that no hopeful opportunities will be missed.

Germany ; The Supreme Complication

IT is most regrettable that the main issue at the forthcoming Conference of Foreign Ministers should be that of Germany, because this is a problem so complicated in itself that it might well be insoluble, even if it were not further complicated by the Cold War. The German danger could only have been kept within bounds if the victorious Powers had remained united after 1945. East-West disunity gave the Germans their chance, and they have seized it with their usual energy and irrepressible spirit. Western and Russian statesmen are now hag-ridden either by fear of Germany, or by imprudent commitments to Germany into which they have allowed themselves to be lured.

The Flurry in Uganda

MR. LYTTTELTON has shown admirable judgment in his handling of the recent emergency in Uganda and deserves all the respect which he has evoked against their will from the ranks of Tuscany in Parliament. No one can accuse the Governor of Uganda, whom Mr. Griffiths appointed, of reactionary leanings, and it was unquestionably wise to leave in his hands the issue raised by the Kabaka. The weakness in Colonial affairs of Mr. Griffiths and his Socialist colleagues is their con-

genital incapacity for tackling hard questions without delay and for taking necessary decisions. The consequences of this failing have been grave in Bechuanaland and Nyasaland, and infinitely graver in Kenya; and Mr. Lyttelton has unhappily suffered from its aftermath in a general impression that the Colonial Office could be relied upon for spinelessness in any situation requiring a firm grasp of its immense responsibilities. The Socialists blame him for creating emergencies. The truth is that he has inherited them from the policy of his Socialist predecessors.

The Dual Mandate

HE deserves especial credit for acting resolutely on a principle of Colonial policy universally accepted before the War—the principle, namely, of a dual responsibility in backward territories, partly for the interests of the world at large and partly for the welfare of the native population. The Kabaka's claim was based on the opposite principle, that the feelings (however reactionary) of the native population or at least of their leaders, hereditary or self-made, should over-ride every other consideration; and it was absolutely vital, in the interests not only of the world but of the Uganda Protectorate itself, to re-establish the supremacy of what Lord Lugard first named the Dual Mandate.

Triumph In Central Africa

AS we go to press we are greatly heartened by the news of Sir Godfrey Huggins's sweeping victory in the first Central African federal election. The Confederate Party, which stood for racial segregation, has been decisively beaten, and there is evidence that the "native unrest," which was so shamefully exploited and exaggerated by the opponents of Federation in this country, is now dying down.

We congratulate Sir Godfrey Huggins, Sir Roy Welensky and all who have worked to achieve this auspicious result; and not least our own Conservative Ministers, who persisted in launching the federal project in spite of Socialist backsliding and misrepresentation.

The Housing Bill

MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN has not only proved himself a very successful Minister of Housing; he is also a most astute Parliamentarian. Very wisely he arranged for the debate on the Second Reading of the Housing Repairs and Rents Bill to take place as soon as possible after its publication. Mr. Ernest Marples opened the debate with a clear and straightforward exposition of all the principal clauses in the Bill, and Mr. Macmillan, in winding up, replied to all the principal points on which Members—on both sides—had asked for reassurance. Now that the Second Reading has been carried, and the main lines of the

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Government's proposals have been made clear to all who are interested, Mr. Macmillan is not attempting to begin the Committee Stage of the Bill, or even to take the Money Resolution, until after the Christmas Recess. This will give him ample opportunity to decide what concessions the Government can afford to make, and also to discuss the financial implications of the Bill with the local authorities before any irrevocable step is taken. However much the Opposition may choose to attack Mr. Macmillan's proposals, they cannot, in fairness, complain that the Government are showing any indecent haste in this handling of what is admittedly a complicated and controversial measure.

Improvements and Conversions

IT will be very unfortunate if the most controversial part of the Bill—that relating to rent increases in the case of the “essentially sound” houses—diverts attention from those other parts of the Bill which may well prove equally valuable. Thus it is very good news that the statutory machinery for slum clearance will be speeded up, and that the powers of local authorities are to be strengthened in order to ensure that individual houses, unfit for human habitation, will be temporarily patched up. Equally welcome are the new incentives given to the improvement of old houses lacking modern amenities and to the conversion of houses too large and inconvenient for the present day. It is quite true that Mr. Bevan's Act of 1949 enabled grants to be made for this purpose, but this section of the 1949 Act never worked particularly well, partly because licensing quotas were so low (1949 was the year of devaluation) and partly because the provisions of this section were far too rigid. Very wisely, Mr. Macmillan is intending to allow a grant to be made of half the cost up to a limit of £400, no matter how great the total cost of the improvement may be, provided that the life of the house is estimated at more than ten years. We are confident that as a result of these proposals the present miserable figures of only 3,000 improvements and only 700 new dwellings created by conversions will be greatly exceeded.

The Rent Increases

THERE can be no doubt that the Government's plan for the essentially sound houses is about the fairest which could have been devised. Put in its simplest terms, the Government's proposal provides for a “repairs increase,” equal to twice the statutory deduction (that is to say, the difference between the gross value of a house for rating purposes and its net rateable value), always provided that the new rent must not rise to a figure greater than twice the existing gross value of the house. This proposal, as the Government White Paper pointed out, does not give the landlord any increased return on his investment. Not only does it provide the irreducible minimum for carrying out the necessary repairs, taking into account the increase in repair costs of more than 200 per cent. since

the War, but it will also help to remove the absurd anomalies in rent which exist at present. During the debate, Mr. Ernest Marples cited the example of a street in Hammersmith, where the tenants of two houses paid 6s. 9d. a week, and the tenants of three identical houses in the same street paid 24s. 7d. These anomalies arose during the period between the Wars when some "old controlled" rents were freed as the landlords came into possession. Obviously the proposed repairs increase, coupled with the decision not to allow any rent to rise to a figure above twice the gross rateable value, will go a long way towards ending this absurd state of affairs.

The Socialist Dilemma

THE Socialists have not been at all happy during the debates on these proposals. They are in a real dilemma. On the one hand, they want to be able to represent the Housing Bill as a Landlords' Bill, which will enable capitalists to reap a "rich harvest"; on the other hand, the only alternative policy which they have been able to suggest is that all rented property should be taken into municipal ownership, and this highly vulnerable policy is rendered slightly more plausible by saying that the proposed repairs increase is quite inadequate to enable the repairs to be carried out. Mr. Aneurin Bevan is not, himself, too worried by this dilemma, since he has always been an adept in the oratorical device of employing two mutually inconsistent arguments and scoring effectively with each. But it is important that Conservatives should realize how overwhelming are the objections to the policy of municipalization which the Opposition have suggested.

Impossibility of Municipal Ownership

IN the first place, local authorities have nothing like the staff required for carrying out such a grandiose plan within the foreseeable future, so that the policy would merely mean that some millions of houses would gradually fall into greater decay. Secondly, the municipal ownership of all rented property would mean a rent increase for the tenant very much higher than that proposed under the Government's Bill. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that a local authority took over all rented property within its area, and paid £500 for each house. The authority would have to borrow this money, either by raising a loan or by going to the Public Works Loan Board, and it would have to pay an interest of 4 per cent. on this loan, and to amortize the loan over a period of thirty years. Mr. Henry Brooke, the former Conservative Leader of the London County Council, calculated that the service of such a loan would, by itself, mean an increase of 11s. a week on the rent, quite apart from any increase needed to finance the repair and management of the property. By contrast, the Government's policy, in its main lines, is both logical and straightforward. Just as they have rightly used

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both private builders and local authority contractors in their drive for an increased output of new houses, so they likewise propose to give adequate incentive both to local authorities and to private landlords to keep the existing stock of rented property in decent repair.

Some Points of Detail

THERE are two or three points in this Bill which Mr. Macmillan might well reconsider during the Committee Stage. For example, the Second Schedule gives the tenant fourteen days to apply, if he wishes, to the county court, to determine whether or not the landlord has spent the required amount of money within the specified period to entitle him to the repairs increase. Several speakers suggested that the tenant should be given at least twenty-one days, and we are inclined to agree. Again, we feel that the incentive to the landlord to carry out improvements is still not sufficient; whereas the Bill allows him to increase the rent by an amount equal to 8 per cent. of his capital outlay, we feel that this figure might well be increased to 10 per cent. Finally, the Bill ought to take into account the position of landlords of large blocks of property, who carry out repairs on a five-year, and not a three-year, cycle. As the provisions of the Bill stand at present, such people might not qualify for the repairs increase in respect of certain of their properties, although they have been thoroughly good landlords, doing their best under conditions of great difficulty. Indeed, one could fairly argue that this Bill, while its general lines are soundly drawn, seems to go out of its way in certain respects to give the conscientious landlord just that little bit less than he might reasonably have expected. It is very much to be hoped that Mr. Macmillan will not be deterred by the taunts of his opponents from doing justice to all concerned.

The Menace of Wage Claims

EVERYONE must have felt immensely relieved that Christmas was not, after all, disorganized by a railway strike, and the many tributes paid to Sir Walter Monckton were entirely deserved. Nevertheless, the present epidemic of wage claims constitutes a most serious threat to the national economy, and the plain speaking on this subject by Professor F. W. Paish of the London School of Economics merits the widest possible publicity. Professor Paish has shown in many recent articles how clearly he understands the practical aspects of economics—for example, the problem of securing an adequate volume of business savings for industrial re-equipment—and his recent report on wages and prices to the economic committee of the Liberal Party hits a number of nails firmly on the head. In this report, Professor Paish pointed out that the general level of wage rates had more than kept up with prices over the last four years, and that, in any event, there was less justification for wage claims at the present

moment than at any other time during this period, since the cost of living had remained stable between April and October. He went on to give this warning:

Any general increase in wage-rates would not only disturb this newly-found stability of retail prices, but would also price us out of export markets, and engender a new balance of payments crisis and—possibly—a new devaluation of sterling.

Professor Paish said further: "Wages can now go up only if production goes up also," and there was a sharp sting in his last sentence: "Trade unions would do better to press employers for greater efficiency . . . than to demand unearned increases of wages."

The Engineers' Claim

THERE could not be a better example of a demand for an "unearned increase" than the engineers' claim for a 15 per cent. rise. Even though the refusal of this claim entailed the notorious one-day strike, no one can fairly criticize the Engineering Employers' Federation for their action. The facts are as follows. Since the engineers received their last rise—in November 1952—prices have risen by about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., whereas the average earnings of men in the industry are estimated to have risen by nearly $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Thus no one can rationally argue that this was a case of a wage claim chasing increased prices; if the claim had been met—and it would have cost about £125 millions—the additional purchasing power would have had a directly inflationary effect. Furthermore, new orders received by engineering firms have not been keeping pace with the increased level of output. This is not a moment when the engineering industry can possibly bear an increase in its costs of anything like this magnitude, while any attempt at squeezing its profits would only result in a diminished volume of savings so urgently needed for capital re-equipment. On grounds both of equity and of economic prudence, it was absolutely right that this claim should have been firmly resisted.

Dividend Increases

It is unfortunate that the recent wage claims should have synchronized with a particularly heavy crop of increased dividends and scrip bonuses, to say nothing of the *cause célèbre* of the Savoy Hotel. In saying this, we do not in the least wish to be unfair. No doubt it is quite true that the index figure for dividends in 1953 shows no advance on the figure for last year. The Socialists have already given warning that they will bring in a measure of compulsory dividend limitation when they are next returned to power, while the whole course of post-war financial policy has tended to favour those companies which prefer to make increased distributions of profits, as opposed to ploughing back additional profits into the business. Again, many companies are now making up for an

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excessively conservative dividend policy in the recent past. All this may be admitted, but the fact remains that the present spate of dividend increases is to be regretted, both on political and economic grounds. It is difficult to argue that the volume of distributed profits should be increasing at a time when, as everyone admits, the figures for home investment are so disappointing. Incidentally one way of reversing this trend would be to reduce, or better still to remove altogether, the burden of undistributed profits tax, and this is a relief that Mr. Butler might just be able to afford in his next Budget.

Food Prices and Politics

IT cannot be denied that, although food prices have become more stable during the past year than at any time since the War, the general public is more conscious of the high cost of living than ever before. Food prices are the prime political issue to-day; this fact is attested by reports from all parts of the country, and every politician knows it from his own personal experience. The reason is not far to seek. Ever since 1940, the ordinary housewife had been precluded by strict rationing from spending as much as she could afford on what she wanted most. Now that rationing is finally coming to an end, and a much wider choice is becoming available in the shops, she is naturally finding it hard to accustom herself to a situation where prices, and not rationing, determine the pattern of her spending. Of course the Socialists are making a great deal of play with their traditional propaganda about "fair shares"; but Mr. Shinwell hedged ludicrously when he was challenged by Major Lloyd-George to state whether or not a future Socialist Government would reintroduce food rationing—this is a point which needs wider publicity than it has so far received. One conclusion from all this is inescapable. If the Conservatives are to be returned at the next election with a good majority, then it is essential that the level of food prices should be held steady for the remainder of this Parliament. This will not be easy, in view of the Government's agricultural policy, unless a large extra burden is placed upon the tax-payer.

A Precarious Balance

IT is not, we think, generally realized quite how precariously the British economy is balanced to-day. In the first half of 1953, Britain achieved only the barest surplus in her overall balance of payments, despite American aid. The gold and dollar reserves of the sterling area are still at a dangerously low level. On the other hand, home consumption has risen by some £400 millions during the present year, and it is impossible not to feel that the pull of the home market has been, at least in part, responsible for the regrettable tendency for new export orders not to keep pace with the increased level of production. In other words, we are in serious danger of attempting once again to "live beyond our means" as

a nation, and the consequences of such an attempt must in the long run be disastrous. It is also significant that bank deposits have risen during the past year by an amount which shows very clearly how easily we could slip back into a state of repressed inflation, with all the familiar evils attendant upon that state. This is certainly not a time when consumer spending needs to be encouraged, and the Chancellor cannot fairly be expected to make tax concessions in his next Budget on anything like the scale of his last.

Welfare State Mentality

We have no quarrel with the Welfare State, if by that is meant "social justice"—a loose term—and social security. All parties have joined in bringing such a State into being, but they cannot enable it to survive, unless the whole population can combine to give it the necessary vitality. This will not happen if we allow ourselves to be governed by a Welfare State mentality—the assumption that welfare belongs to us as an inalienable right, and not as the reward of toil and skill. This perversity of mind, which used to afflict only a small aristocratic or plutocratic section, has now taken hold of the whole community. In the old days Labour speakers used to revel in their denunciations of "privilege," and some of them still make use of the word without realizing that its significance is now far wider than it used to be. "Privilege" now no longer belongs exclusively to the few; it has been extended to, and is increasingly claimed by, the many. Even when it was confined to the few great harm often came of the fact that it was not always matched by a proper sense of duty. How much worse when the same irresponsibility is to be found in the thought and conduct of a whole nation!

A Privileged Nation ?

IN a sense, of course, Britain has a moral right to be privileged. Much has been endured, much achieved, by the people of this country. It may seem unjust that nations which have suffered less should now be more prosperous, and that we should even have to face bitter commercial rivalry from nations whose predatory ambitions we so recently struggled to frustrate.

But other people will not recognize our moral right to a high and undisturbed standard of living. No one, as Sir Winston Churchill said, is prepared to keep the British lion as a pet. We still enjoy many privileges, but there is none more precious than the capacity to work together in time of need. If only we could make our compatriots see that the present is such a time, there would be much less reason to fear an economic crisis in the years ahead.

THE PLEASURE OF BOOKS

By RIGHT HON. C. R. ATTLEE

A ROOM without books is a very dull affair, suggesting a hotel sitting room. When we found alternative accommodation in anticipation of receiving notice to quit 10 Downing Street, my wife made suitable provision for books. One end of our new drawing room was built up with shelves, while space was also found for two bookcases. My little study also was made ready to be lined with books.

There they stand, two or three thousand of them ; the accumulation of many years—old friends and newcomers. Many of them are seldom or never opened, but I should hate to be without them. They are part of my life. The seniors have for the most part been bought, many of the juniors are gifts from the authors, while others are the fruits of inheritance.

They make a pleasant pattern of colour. Some are still fresh in bright bindings. I hate "dust covers." If they have come to stay why should they wear their overcoats ? Others are much worn, even decrepit. The leather is mouldering and the backs have had to be repaired.

In moments of leisure I like to wander round and to pull out a book here and there, perhaps only for old times' sake ; but there are some that I read again and again.

Looking through them one can see the influences of a lifetime. There are the oldest in the collection, two Rossettis and a Browning bought with ten shillings someone gave me when I was at school. They illustrate one ruling passion, for from the time that I could read, and even before, I have had an intense pleasure in poetry. Tennyson was an early love and is present in

several volumes. How well I recall the shock of his death in 1892, for to a nine-year-old he appeared as immortal as W. G. Grace or Queen Victoria. The earliest Browning is a slim volume of *Men and Women*, the gift of a master at Haileybury. It soon had many companions. To that master, also, I am indebted for a fairly good knowledge of Shakespeare, thanks to the Reading Society which he entertained once a week. When I went to Oxford, which brought more money to spare and Blackwell's book-shop, more poets arrived. Swinburne and Morris join Rossetti as I am caught up in the Romantic Movement and fall in love with the Pre-Raphaelites.

Then appears the *Oxford Book of English Verse* in the India paper edition—a well-known veteran this, a beloved companion in two World Wars. I am indebted to Quiller Couch also for his delightful Cambridge lectures.

French and Italian poets are found there also, bearing witness especially to my interest in the Renaissance and the Risorgimento. Most of the classic English poets are there. Meredith was a comparatively late-comer. Masfield is there in full force and some of the Georgian poets, but here a halt is called. The moderns are absent. Is this a reflection on them or on me ? I have tried but failed to appreciate them. Is it just advancing years that prevent me remembering a line of what they write ? My mind is stored with poetry. On long journeys or during long nights in the trenches I have often set myself the task of repeating so many hundred lines of so many poets. Why can't I remember the moderns ? Chaucer has only just arrived in readable form in

Coghill's edition—a great pleasure. As I grow older I turn more and more to the greatest — to Milton and Shakespeare.

The Latin and Greek poets which I studied so assiduously at school only remain as a faint flavour. Horace alone holds his place in memory. For the rest I must depend on translations or on echoes of Greece and Rome that sound through the pages of our own English poets. It has always been a pleasure to me that places and times bring poetry to my mind. I remember Gallipoli recalling

Where the sea ridge of Helle hangs
heavier
And east upon west waters break.

and in Lemnos

And Limna's mountain rattles afar
From the clatter of galloping feet.

There is reciprocity here — place evokes poetry and poetry place. So, too, after enduring the Blitz, when our own planes went to Berlin, I thought of *Samson Agonistes*—

With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errands on the wicked.

Those lines applied so well to the Nazis. I recall reciting this passage when dining with some exiled Danes during the War. A young man gave me his Milton as a memento. A few months later he fell in battle.

But enough of the poets. The novelists supply a fairly large contingent. *Tom Jones* is there and *Evelina*, but Scott is unrepresented. I never read more than half a dozen of his books, for he bored my generation. Thackeray too is absent. I read him in great gulps at school, but very little since. Dickens is there in vile mid-Victorian print, but he is there rather by inheritance than selection. I don't read much of him to-day, except *Pickwick*.

Trollope is present in force, a recent acquisition fully read during an illness. The Brontës make a fine show in a presentation edition. Stevenson has most of a shelf to himself, as has Meredith, who shows signs of frequent use, though Hardy, once his equal in my affection, is seldom read now. But of all the classics, Jane Austen reigns supreme, read and re-read constantly, and near her sits *Cranford*, another very old favourite.

The shelves show an enthusiasm for Kipling, reflecting the imperialism of the turn of the century, but he has obviously been ousted from pride of place by Wells, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett and Belloc, who rode so high in the Edwardian period. They indicate a complete change of outlook. Shaw, of course, is present, but with the dramatists. Chesterton is unrepresented, though his Falstaffian ghost may be somewhere in the background. It is always a nice point whether the works of a poet-novelist should be kept together or should file off with their respective peers. Belloc's poems in a little paper volume are with his novels. Here, too, for some odd reason is *The Hound of Heaven*, also in paper. Can it be that a common faith has drawn them together? Near these novelists are a rather mixed group of writers whom we used to regard as the novelists of exposure; Upton Sinclair, the American Winston Churchill, and others. The literary interest is seen here merging with the Socialist impulse.

We see this, too, in the high place assigned to William Morris, a prime favourite with a Socialist like myself, but also, in my view—especially in the *Defence of Guinevere*—a great poet. Hard by are sundry volumes of Ruskin, for it was through this gate that I entered the Socialist fold.

The next subject that holds a large place in my collection is history. From

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early days this has been a favourite study. Here will be found text books from the days when I took the Oxford History School, though I must admit that the less digestible matter, such as Stubbs's *Charter*, was passed without regret to a younger brother. This is no orderly array. There is an odd volume of Gibbon now replaced by a handsome set recently inherited. I never read Gibbon right through until I was Prime Minister and found a fine edition at Chequers. I do not much care for the modern historians who spend a year or two on some obscure Pipe Roll. They are but "honest hodmen" of history. The moderns are well represented, however, with Trevelyan, Bryant, Rouse, Seton Watson and Toynbee.

I love to stray into the byways of history and to read of curious episodes, such as the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. I have many subjects to which I always promise myself to devote more time when I have leisure, such as Roman Britain and the Anglo-Saxon Conquests—subjects where fascinating questions remain unanswered. When I was at Oxford I fell in love with my special period, the Renaissance, and that influence is clearly shown. Here is Addington Symonds *in extenso*, a prize bestowed by a generous College for getting a Second Class. There are sundry Italians, such as Machiavelli and Cellini and, of course, Dante.

Biographies now figure largely in this section, with an ever-growing contribution of the lives of men whom I have known. I retain much of what I read in the past, but I read it again illuminated by practical experience of Government which tends to make me more tolerant of those who bore the burden of responsibility in the past.

Economic and industrial history are, for the most part, dressed in more sober attire than *belles lettres* and tend

to be relegated to the study where they join forces with Socialist, social reform and political works. Some of these might be called mere tools of the trade.

There is a massive series of the works of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, much studied in earlier days. There, too, are the Hammonds and the incomparable Tawney. Along with them are contributions to the social question, light and heavy. It is a nice point whether Douglas Cole's detective novels should be grouped with his serious work or relegated to the category of books which may be borrowed by the children without special leave. Here, too, are large collections of pamphlets, ammunition which I used to fire off at the street corner. There is a great deal of stuff on local government, much of it rather out of date to-day.

There is a big collection of maps and atlases. I like to pore over maps and to make in imagination the golden journey to Samarkand.

To come back to the drawing room. There are the serried ranks of the war books. World War I includes a fine collection of books on the Gallipoli campaign inherited from a brother who was, like myself, a participant in that tragic adventure. I revert to these quite often, weighing up the factors that made "the little less and so far away" and thinking of the lads with whom I trained in 1914, so many of whom lie there in the Peninsula. Then there is the Second World War, where the ranks are led by the present Prime Minister's great series, with Eisenhower and Montgomery in close support. I have always been a keen student of military history. I recall that, in barracks in 1914, I read all Fortescue's history and Oman's *Peninsular War*. Close by are the peace books, almost as tragic as the war memoirs in their recollections of the vain hopes of the inter-war period. Next to these come

books relating to foreign countries, quite a large collection of Americans of one kind and another, and a good deal of works on the Commonwealth. Back in the study is a whole series of volumes on India with the evidence given and the reports of the Simon Commission—all past history now.

There is much miscellaneous literature. Lord David Cecil, the best modern prose writer, and my old tutor, Ernest Barker, are favourites. And there is plenty of light reading, ranging from works of literary merit, which are honoured with a book-plate, and more fugitive books that have filled an idle hour. There are, too, the Penguins, Pelicans and the like, and the leading detective novelists, Agatha Christie, Wills Croft and Dorothy Sayers leading a regiment, the members of which are often detached for duty elsewhere.

Well, altogether it is a somewhat heterogeneous collection, indicating a catholic but by no means a comprehensive taste. Science is hardly represented and there is little theology, except the Bible, or philosophy. I have not sought out rare books or first editions though there are a few first and some fine limited editions, and three Morris *Kelmscotts*, the gift of some kind friends in the Socialist movement, who knew where my love abided. There are plenty of reference books from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to *Wisden* and the *Rugby Football Annual*. Conference Reports are there in strength and are useful for reference. *Hansard*, so proudly displayed thirty years ago, has so increased in number that he has to be packed away discreetly behind the front ranks in the shelves.

I still have the old bookcase bought when I lived in Limehouse. It then housed my choicest volumes, but has now come down in the world, though it still holds some of the books that then held pride of place for they, too,

have fallen from their high estate.

What a trouble it was when, divorced from their accustomed shelves, all the books were unloaded at short notice in our new abode! Hurriedly, they were put in the shelves, and for a time it was impossible to lay one's hand on a book when one wanted it. Only rough sorting could be done. Some obvious misalliances were immediately corrected. For instance, the *Life of Jesus* was removed from propinquity to Trotsky on Stalin in the biographical section. Much care has to be taken after spring cleaning to prevent such unfortunate meetings, but even now they are not really sorted out as I should wish.

There is the eternal conflict between size and content. There is the book that is just too large to fall in with its comrades of the same subject without a wasteful raising of the height of the shelf. There is the question whether books wearing the same uniform should fall in together in one bright regiment or be scattered. Should all the fine bindings be grouped together or should they appear here and there to leaven the lump? There is the problem of the very large book with fine illustrations, the gift of a distinguished foreigner. It won't fit into any shelf. Some day when I have time, I tell myself, there will be a great rearrangement, but already affinities have been formed which I shall not like to break.

Meanwhile, there they stand, a pleasure to look upon and behind them are ranked the shadowy forms of books read but not owned. Behind the orderly row of Stevensons and Buchans are Stanley Weymans and Anthony Hopes of boyhood. Stay! there is in being a Henty, but that was a Prep. School prize. There must be thousands of these ghosts from every one of which no doubt I have taken to myself something. There are, too, the ghosts of books which have been lent, but never returned.

I still mourn a beautiful Browning, a twenty-firsters handsomely bound and inscribed. Someone has got it. I look anxiously sometimes to see that no borrowed book has gained squatter rights. Only the other day I came across a second copy of *Kim*. Its first page was virgin, but on the second I found an inscription showing that it had been given to Jack on his birthday more than forty years ago. It had belonged to a Haileybury boy who, visiting our club in Stepney, had left it behind. Thereafter it had accompanied me to successive habitations.

I returned it to its rightful owner, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor. On the other hand, a kind neighbour who is interested in the works of de Guérin bought a copy in a second-hand book shop, discovered therein my father's book-plate and gave the book to me.

Well, a library is a joy not only because of the contents of the books or the brave show they make as decoration for a room, but because of their provenance, which revives many memories of the past.

C. R. ATTLEE.

GREECE'S STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL

By KENNETH ROSE

ON a bleached and scrubby hill in Eastern Macedonia, the strip of land which joins Greece to Turkey, I stood recently with Admiral William Fechteler and his staff watching the biggest amphibious landing yet made by forces under his command. As commander-in-chief of the Allied Forces in Southern Europe he expressed entire satisfaction at the success of this international exercise in co-operation. There was particular pleasure at the harmony with which Greek and Turkish forces had worked together.

For Mr. Canellopoulos, Greek Minister of Defence, and the Greek General Staff, who also watched the manoeuvres, the choice of this area of Greece for NATO exercises was comforting. Little more than 50 miles to the north stretched the Bulgarian frontier and the armed threat of Communist invasion. Greeks have some-

times been hurt and bewildered by the indifference with which Western Europe looks on their strategic role. They point out with justice that Greece alone of the countries in Europe has fought and won a full-scale military campaign against Communist forces. What in 1949 was so often dismissed by the armchair pundits of happier nations as a mere domestic *fracas* is now seen in its true perspective as a battle for the salvation of the Mediterranean. The recent NATO exercises in Greece have gone far towards reassuring its people that their country still has an outstanding part to play in the defence of Western civilization.

Field-Marshal Papagos, commander of the victorious forces which routed the Communists, now bears the responsibility (as Prime Minister of Greece) for Greek participation in this task. After the NATO manoeuvres he left

me in no doubt of the vital contribution which Greece must make to both Balkan and world defence.

Combining the wisdom of a strategist with the conviction of a statesman, the Field-Marshal pointed out that Greece occupies a key position in the Balkans, in that it connects the Mediterranean to Central and Eastern Europe. The Axios, Strymon, Nestos and Evros river valleys, which terminate at the Greek ports of Salonika, Kavalla and Alexandroupolis, constitute the natural highways along which military forces would move either northwards or southwards. The three ports would in war become the natural supply bases for an army operating in the Balkans, as well as providing air and naval bases.

Lying as it does on the flank of Turkey and Yugoslavia, the Field-Marshal continued, Greece is always in a position to threaten the flank and rear of an enemy operating from Bulgaria towards either the Dardanelles or Southern Yugoslavia. Even should the Dardanelles be lost, Greece's flanking position in relation to the Straits and the islands of the Aegean forming numerous chains between the Greek and Turkish coasts make it possible to prevent enemy naval forces based in the Black Sea from entering the Mediterranean. Nor should it be forgotten that Greece and Yugoslavia together isolate Albania by land from other Iron Curtain countries.

Prime Minister Papagos does not confine the defence roles of Greece to the Balkans. His country, he told me, can provide the Western Allies with bases within striking range of the vital industrial areas of the Soviet Union, and with a bridgehead in South-East Europe for the launching, if necessary, of a counter-attack by NATO forces to the north. Greece also provides a covering flank not only

for Italy but for the whole Eastern European front.

At present Greece maintains armed forces numbering about 180,000, some of which have formed part of the United Nations army in Korea. For a country of little natural wealth, the burden is heavy. It is estimated that between 40 and 50 per cent. of her annual budget is spent on defence, the highest ratio in Europe between military expenditure and gross national income.

What this sacrifice entails can be seen by looking at some of Greece's economic problems. Alone among European countries she has endured war conditions from 1940 to 1950, first during the German occupation, afterwards during the struggle against the Communist guerillas. In the process, not only was there immense material damage, but financial ruin through uncontrolled inflation. Much might have been done in material reconstruction had not the problem of refugees from the Communists cried out for instant solution. No less than one in ten of the Greek population was homeless as a result of the civil war. Although the United States gave generous aid, most of it was swallowed up in solving the immediate refugee problem rather than in long-term reconstruction plans.

The present Government of Field-Marshal Papagos, which has now been in office for a year, was the 28th to be formed since the Liberation of 1944. It has, however, the advantage over its twenty-seven predecessors of stability. With an ample, indeed overwhelming majority of seats in the Chamber of Deputies, the administration is grappling bravely with the accumulated problems of a decade.

Even had Greece been fortunate enough to lead a tranquil existence during the last ten years, her economic position would still not appear enviable.

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There is a rapidly expanding population of eight million—it has increased by a third since 1928—and a barren terrain only about a third of which is cultivable. Though large deposits of minerals are known to exist, the capital to exploit them has been scarce.

From the point of view of foreign trade, the organic weakness of Greek economy is that it depends largely on two agricultural luxury products, tobacco and currants. Apart from the natural catastrophes to which crops are always liable, the post-war world makes their successful export particularly precarious. Not only are the Communist-dominated markets of Eastern Europe now closed, but the Greek farmer also has to compete with similar American products sold to Europe at subsidized prices.

On December 7, 1952, three weeks after the Papagos Government had taken office, Mr. Spyros Markezinis, Minister of Co-ordination, broadcast to the Greek people his plan for economic recovery. It had nine points :

- (1) To balance the budget.
- (2) To make stringent economies in all branches of administration.
- (3) To readjust the system of taxation in order to bring relief to the masses and to secure a more equitable incidence.
- (4) To free the national economy from unjustified privileges and the parasitic intervention of middle-men.
- (5) To open up closed-shops which exploit the country unjustly.
- (6) To encourage the investment in Greece of Greek and foreign capital.
- (7) To reduce the present high rates of interest.
- (8) To increase production, especially for exports.
- (9) To raise the standard of living for all workers.

After a year it is now possible to

see how far this ambitious programme has been realized. The budget has certainly been balanced, showing a surplus of 360 billion drachmae. Economies in administration continue to be made. Government cars, for instance, have been reduced from 7,000 to 1,200, with similar savings in telephones. But it is only fair to add that Greece is perhaps the most bureaucratic country in Europe, and that civil servants abound. To make drastic reductions in their number would certainly create an increase in the already large numbers of unemployed and under-employed.

The third and fourth points of the Markezinis plan have already been put into operation. Classes which before paid little tax are now bearing a substantial burden. These classes are not confined to the rich. Tobacco workers, for example, were given privileges during hard times, fiscal relief which they insisted on retaining even when the industry thrived again. Journalists paid no taxes, travelled free on public transport and were admitted without payment to theatres and cinemas. Both these classes are now taxed more hardly. Though a visitor to Athens hears constant jokes about Mr. Markezinis, just as we used to joke about Sir Stafford Cripps, the Greeks are giving widespread and loyal support to this necessary régime of austerity.

The opening up of closed shops is aimed mainly at Communist attempts to dominate the tobacco industry, though in general Greece is not trade-union minded. One effect of this measure is to cure certain classes of workers of bad habits learnt during the German occupation. To avoid being pressed into forced service, workers would register in certain industries. Even to-day they still remain in these industries which are as a

result overcrowded. Thus five men may be doing work which could easily be done by three. During my stay in Athens there was a bakers' strike to protest against a Government attempt to reform this practice. The civil service, the docks and the tobacco industry have suffered similarly.

To encourage the investment of capital in Greece, Markezinis last April devalued the drachma from 42,000 to the pound to 84,000. This has led to a great increase in Greek exports as well as in invisible exports such as tourism. Unfortunately, the tourist industry has suffered heavily as a result of the devastating earthquake which swept the Ionian islands in August. It is therefore perhaps too early to estimate the value of this bold economic measure.

A prominent Athenian newspaper-owner with whom I discussed devaluation complained bitterly. She pointed out that 65 per cent. of her expenses had to be paid in foreign currency—such items as news-agency subscriptions, paper and ink. Although the Government made a small concession by allowing newspapers to buy paper for four months at pre-devaluation prices, two of them have already closed down. This is hardly surprising in view of the narrow margin of profit in this industry. Even the largest newspapers rarely exceed a circulation of 50,000 on weekdays and 70,000 on Sundays.

Mr. Markezinis is anxious not only to attract foreign capital, but also to persuade wealthy Greek industrialists who have made their money overseas to invest it in Greece. Until now, ship-owners in particular have been offered little inducement to register their ships under the Greek flag. The new Goulandris liner *Olympia* of 23,000 tons, recently completed on the Clyde, has been registered under the Liberian flag.

Following a recent law offering more favourable terms for foreign capital, there may now be a reversal of the former trend. A sign of it has just appeared with the registration of the new cargo ship *Athinai* under the Greek flag. Another vessel, the passenger ship *Atlantic*, has also been transferred to the Greek flag in recent weeks by its Greek owner.

The seventh point of the economic programme has been carried out with energy, rates of interest being reduced from over 20 per cent. to between 10 and 12 per cent. But it is upon the eighth and ninth points—the expansion of production and the raising of the standard of living—that the ultimate success of the present Government depends. They are, needless to say, closely linked together.

"We have called 1953," the Field-Marshal told me, "the year of action on behalf of the farmer; 1954 will be the year of action on behalf of the industrial worker." Greek agriculture suffers from the initial disadvantage of innumerable small holdings which can barely be farmed economically; 87 per cent. of them are less than five hectares and 59 per cent. less than two hectares. There is also a lack of technical knowledge and of capital for new equipment.

With American aid, the Government is spending vast sums on land reclamation, irrigation and protection against floods. Most of the money will go to Macedonia, Thessaly and Epirus, the balance to Thrace and the Peloponnes. The newly reclaimed land is expected to provide substantial increases in the basic foods—pulses, rice and vegetables—as well as feeding stuffs for livestock.

Research institutes are being built. Mechanization is being encouraged; at present only half the arable land suitable for mechanization is being farmed in this way. Scientific breeding of

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livestock is being taught, together with a greater knowledge of fertilizers on the land.

Linked to agricultural expansion is the Government plan for the development of power. This is particularly necessary when it is realized that Greece has almost the lowest consumption of electricity per head in Europe. At Aliveri, about forty miles to the North-East of Athens, there is to be a huge power-station which will burn Greek lignite coal. Not only will this provide much-needed electricity, it will also enable Greece considerably to reduce her costly imports of foreign coal.

New power-stations will of course play an important part in all plans for industrial expansion. Nitrogen plants will give Greek farmers cheap fertilizers, reduce local unemployment and save the country about eight million dollars in foreign exchange each year. Oil refineries are expected to save another five million dollars annually. Nickel, aluminium, magnesium, caustic soda—all are to be produced as part of the country's programme of economic stability. All, moreover, are products less subject to the caprice of world markets than tobacco and currants.

Side by side with these developments, communications are to be improved. By the end of the civil war only 670 km. of railway remained usable out of a total of 2,600 km. About a third of the roads and bridges were all that had survived. Ports and shipping suffered severely. Some of the 200 m. marks (about £18m.) which the German armament firm of Krupp is investing in Greece is to be spent on railway reconstruction. Great Britain must surely take notice of such vast sums being poured into Greece, lest Germany establishes an undisputed mastery of the Balkan economy.

The last point of the Markezinis pro-

gramme is the improvement of the standard of living among Greek workers. This is indeed necessary, especially in the field of housing. The last reliable figures, for the year 1940, show that an average of two people occupied each room; comparable figures for other countries are 0.72 for Great Britain, 0.89 for Italy and 1.09 for France. In the war about a fifth of the total houses were destroyed, while refugee crowding caused rapid deterioration of many more. It is in fact now estimated that the housing standard is about 30 per cent. below that of 1940. While the Government has introduced measures to encourage low-cost houses, expenditure has mainly been confined to industrial construction which gives an immediate return. But both in housing and in the equally pressing need for a higher standard of nutrition, improvements may be expected to match the steady advances in agriculture and industry.

To reduce the contemporary history of Greece to the sober print of statistical tables and economic calculations must seem unromantic, even painful, to those who have been nurtured on her glorious traditions. I make no apology for doing so. While there can be few Englishmen who do not wish Greece well in her determination to repair the ravages of foreign invasion and civil war, endemic poverty and ruthless earthquake, sympathy alone is insufficient.

Occupying a key position in the defence organization of Western Europe, Greece is in desperate need of financial help. Gratitude, no less than expediency, demands that this aid should be granted, particularly in the form of capital investment. I hope that Great Britain, which has already given generously to the earthquake appeal, will not lag behind her neighbours in trusting this brave and friendly people.

KENNETH ROSE.

THE HARRY WHITE AFFAIR

By DENYS SMITH

WHEN the American Attorney-General, Mr. Brownell, decided to disinter a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Harry Dexter White, and expose him as a prime example of democratic fumbling in dealing with Communist subversion, he started a chain of events which neither he nor anyone else in the Eisenhower Administration anticipated. Once again it was demonstrated that politics is not an exact science. Perhaps it would also be true to say that a politician is too clumsy a tool for the precision work which alone would guarantee the achievement of the result intended. Before his death in 1948 White was strongly suspected of passing confidential information to the Russians. Now there is little doubt that he did. Letters in his handwriting were found among the documents which Whittaker Chambers hid in a pumpkin.

Allowing for a certain amount of rationalization after the event, the purpose of the Brownell speech reviving this old case was said to be two-fold. The Republican Party had suffered two bye-election defeats which were attributed to the dissatisfaction of the farming community with falling prices and of the urban community with the high cost of living. It seemed, therefore, an opportune moment to revive another issue which had played its part in last year's election campaign, namely, the need for a more determined attitude towards Communism at home and abroad. One difficulty over this issue was that Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin had tried with some success to make it his own personal property. He was not content with attacking the former Administration for not dealing

energetically enough with home-bred Communists. He insisted that his vigilance was still required to see that the Republican Administration was kept up to scratch. The idea of the Administration strategists was to revive a popular issue and at the same time prove to the American people that the Eisenhower Administration was capable of handling the problem of subversion and espionage in the Government without McCarthy's help. A great deal of McCarthy's national support came from those who were genuinely disturbed by the threat of Communist subversion and had no other leader to follow. If the Attorney-General could place himself at the head of the McCarthy parade he might be able to lead it more intelligently and fairly.

But if that was the purpose, as those who occupy important positions in the White House insist, it was carried out most imperfectly. Mr. Brownell, whose main food has been politics for the past twelve years, went way beyond his brief. "Harry Dexter White was known to be a Communist spy by the very people who appointed him to the most sensitive and important position he ever held in Government service," he declared. Mr. Truman was thus not only accused of laxity in dealing with Communists but of something not very far removed from treason. To make matters worse the Chairman of the Unamerican Activities Committee, Mr. Velde, who had been having a difficult time in competing for the headlines with two other Congressional Investigating Committees, one headed by Senator Jenner and the other by Senator McCarthy, at once ordered a subpoena to be served on

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the former President. Instead of reviving an issue favourable to themselves the Republicans had presented one to the Democrats. Whatever his faults few consider Mr. Truman a friend of Communism and many were indignant at the discourtesy of summoning him to testify as though he were himself a suspected spy. The situation was saved by President Eisenhower. He repudiated any suggestion that his predecessor was disloyal and stated that he personally would not have approved of trying to subpoena a former President. He thus showed more political acumen than those who accuse him of having none.

Truman declined to honour the subpoena stating: "It must be obvious to you that if the doctrine of separation of powers and the independence of the Presidency is to have any validity at all, it must be equally applicable to a President after his term of office has expired when he is sought to be examined with respect to any acts occurring while he is President." This was sound constitutional doctrine which had wide public support. The former President swung public opinion still further to his side when he made a vigorous radio defence concentrating on the Brownell accusation quoted above. Truman explained that when the adverse F.B.I. reports on White were received a plan to support White as head, or Managing Director, of the International Monetary Fund was abandoned. He was still appointed American representative (American Executive Director) on the Fund's governing body in order to permit investigating by the F.B.I. to proceed unembarrassed.

If Brownell went too far in his attack on Truman some of Truman's friends went too far in his defence. They spread reports that the head of the F.B.I., J. Edgar Hoover, an almost

legendary figure to the American public, had been in favour of letting White take his post on the Monetary Fund in order not to alarm other members of the spy ring. This was too much for Hoover who had evidently been nursing his frustration that past warnings and advice had passed unheeded. He agreed to break his rigid practice of refusing to testify before Congressional Committees. Senator Jenner's Internal Security Subcommittee was picked for a renewed Brownell-Hoover assault on the Truman Administration. This time the ground was carefully narrowed to one of laxity and a good case made. If Truman kept White so that he and his associates in the espionage ring could be carefully watched, certain minimum precautions should have been taken. But Brownell was able to state: "The records available to me fail to show that anything was done which interfered with the continuing functioning of the espionage ring of which White was a part." Other members of the espionage ring were kept in the Government for many months after the F.B.I. report on their activities had been presented. For example, Harold Glasser was sent to conferences in Geneva and Trieste and in the spring of 1947 was adviser to General Marshall, American Secretary of State, at the Moscow Foreign Ministers' Conference. No effort was made to keep him from having access to confidential papers. He even received an F.B.I. report on another member of his own spy ring, Victor Perlo.

Public opinion now swung the other way, particularly in view of Edgar Hoover's denial that he had entered into any agreement to keep White with the Government so that he could be more easily watched. "Had it been the intent of the F.B.I. to handle the Harry Dexter White and

other related cases solely as an intelligence operation the widespread dissemination of information that was furnished to various branches of the Government by the F.B.I. would not have been undertaken. . . . If in fact there was any agreement to move White from the Treasury Department to the International Monetary Fund to aid in the F.B.I. investigation and to surround White with persons who were not security risks, then the agreement would have been broken very early because Mr. Virginius Frank Coe, a close associate of Harry Dexter White, became Secretary of the International Monetary Fund in June 1946, which position he held till December 3, 1952."

At this point the original purpose of the Brownell manœuvre appeared to have been accomplished. The Attorney-General and the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had captured the national spot-light as chief eradicators of Communists from the Government. Senator McCarthy was left out in the cold. It was regretted among the White House group that Mr. Truman had been involved in the affair and that it had been necessary to deal with him so severely. Part of the regret was personal, part practical. The whole Democratic Party had been libelled in the reflection on Mr. Truman's loyalty, and the temper of Democrats in Congress would not be such as to lead to bi-partisan support for the Eisenhower legislative programme next session. It was regretted, too, that as a by-product of the Harry White affair there had been a rash of Republican statements that "Communism in Government" would be the main issue in next years Congressional election campaign. President Eisenhower believes that his Administration's house-cleaning activities will remove that issue long before next summer. But worse was yet to

come. The manœuvre had opened the way for an assault upon American foreign policy.

There was first of all a minor episode involving Canada. Before Brownell revived the Harry White case Senator Jenner had sent the State Department a request for transmission to the Canadian Government asking for permission to question Gouzenko, the former Russian code clerk who had supplied the Canadian Government with information on a Canadian espionage ring in 1945. Jenner said that the Royal Commission report did not contain certain details relating to espionage in the United States. This request was denied. Jenner renewed his request in the midst of the White affair. In the interval there had been attacks on the Canadian External Affairs Minister, Lester Pearson, from Right-wing Republicans and such papers as the *Chicago Tribune*, with angry rejoinders in the Canadian Press. Another cause of Canadian annoyance was that a letter written by Hoover on February 1, 1946, declassified by Brownell, contained a reference to Canada. The Hoover letter was scarcely a model of literary clarity. What he apparently intended to say in it was that a source in Canada had gleaned from high Canadian sources the information (which was not exactly a secret) that Britain and Canada would support an American as head of the Fund or Bank. The Harry White who might be the American head, this source recalled, was the same Harry White accused of being a spy. A hasty reading of the Hoover letter gave the impression that a highly placed Canadian official had supplied the F.B.I. directly with information. There were loud complaints in Canada that a confidential Canadian communication should not have been made public without Canada's advance permission. Both

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matters were dealt with by the Canadian External Affairs Minister in the Canadian House of Commons on November 25. He explained that Canada had no objection to Gouzenko being questioned, if he were willing, provided the Canadian Government had the final word on what part of his testimony would be made public. Mr. Pearson also noted that though information given by Gouzenko which referred to individuals in the United States had not been printed in the Royal Commission report, it had been given to the F.B.I. He also cleared up the erroneous impression that Edgar Hoover had been receiving tips on Harry White from a highly placed Canadian official. The source Hoover referred to in his letter "was a personal telegram from a security official, not of the Canadian Government, but who was stationed in Ottawa to maintain liaison with the Canadian security authorities on behalf of a friendly third Power." From this description he must have been a British security officer. Mr. George Drew, leader of the Progressive Conservative Opposition, put the matter in a nutshell. "If there can be this much disturbance and the use of this amount of black ink over something which is of such relatively minor importance, I shudder to think of what might happen if the almost unbelievable event occurred that there was some real misunderstanding between Canada and the United States." Senator Jenner later agreed to question Gouzenko on Canadian terms.

The other foreign controversy which arose from the White affair was of more importance. In his radio defence Mr. Truman had accused the Administration of embracing McCarthyism. This gave the Senator an opportunity to claim equal radio time to answer the attack made on him. But he used this opportunity to attack the Eisen-

hower Administration as well on two counts; it had not been sufficiently energetic in ridding the Government of security risks, and it had followed the Truman-Acheson practice of sending "perfumed notes" to Britain and other countries instead of cutting off all economic aid till they ceased trading with Communist China. Some people have expressed surprise that no Republican member of Congress should have sprung to the defence of the Administration in what was in effect a bid by McCarthy for Republican leadership. The reason was that the Administration had in the past discouraged such efforts. When Harold Stassen said that McCarthy's efforts to negotiate with Greek shipowners to end their trade with the Soviet bloc was undermining the Administration's efforts, he was repudiated and had to withdraw the remark. After that nobody was willing to risk getting their fingers burned. If the Administration wanted to answer McCarthy it must do so itself. Therefore at his next regular press conference Dulles read a formal statement answering the criticism that "we spoke too kindly to our allies and sent them perfumed notes." This criticism he said "attacks the very heart of U.S. foreign policy." America needed friends in the face of Soviet threats as she never had before. She needed advance bases to deter Russia from attack and to establish an early warning system. She needed their industrial strength to keep the balance of world power. "We do not propose to throw away those precious assets by blustering and domineering methods." There were some marginal disagreements with the Allies but that was "no reason for sacrificing friendship by attempting to coerce."

The following day the President himself took issue with Senator

McCarthy. He fully supported Dulles's statement. If the United States "should turn impatiently to coercion" she would mark herself as an imperialist power. The President also took issue with McCarthy's attack on the Administration for failure to rid the Government of subversives. By next autumn "the public, no longer fearful that Communists are destructively at work within the Government, will wish to commend the efficiency of the Administration in eliminating this menace to the nation's security." The issue in the election campaign next year would not be Communists in Government but the Administration's progressive legislative programme. "Unless the Republican party can develop and enact such a programme for the American people it does not deserve to remain in power." McCarthy tried to recover from the double blow by asserting his Republican loyalty and appealing over the heads of the Administration for public

support. If people disapproved of "blood trade with a mortal enemy" let them write to the White House and make their views known. McCarthy thus begged the real question, which was not Allied trade with Communist China but whether to try and end such trade by coercion. Even so the response was small compared with the flood of mail which other controversial issues, such as the recall of General MacArthur, have elicited.

The final result, therefore, of Brownell's graveyard excursion has been to widen the breach between the Eisenhower and McCarthy elements in the Republican Party and to force the President into a position of party leadership which he has hitherto avoided. In future he must, as one of his friends put it, be both President Eisenhower and Senator Taft. How well he succeeds the next session of Congress will show.

DENYS SMITH.

EGYPTIAN IMPERIALISM

By JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON

THE deposition of the Kabaka of Buganda followed hard upon the National Unionist Party's success in the elections to the Lower House of the Sudan Parliament. A coincidence of this character throws into relief the indivisibility of Africa's many problems. "Cape to Cairo" has been an aspiration of European civilization in what was the Dark Continent; it could become a slogan of disruption. According to *The Times* newspaper of December 3, the Egyptian Minister of National Guidance, Major Salah Salem, has declared that

"British imperialism will resist by every means the unification of the Nile Valley, lest Muslim civilization spread to the rest of the African continent and their Colonial Empire."

Egypt is most often thought of in the West as a member and leader of the Arab League, as a Middle Eastern State looking upon the Mediterranean and the Levant. The Sudan has been her hinterland for centuries but the Sudan since 1899 has been not Egyptian but "Anglo-Egyptian." Now Egyptian policy and influence and intrigue have scored a success and

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Egypt has become, if only for a while, an African factor. It may be that to the Council of the Revolution Africa now appears a more promising field for Egyptian penetration than the Palestine of bitter memory. It was from the Egyptian Sudan of pre- Condominium days that the flag of Islam—or "Muslim civilization," to use Major Salah Salem's phrase—was carried to Buganda itself. Descendants of Egyptian soldiers, still clinging to the tarboosh, are even now to be found near Kampala.

Modern Egypt was part of an empire before she became a nation. From Cleopatra's suicide until the end of the British Protectorate, she never knew the meaning of national independence. The Turks succeeded the Saracens, who succeeded the Romans, and the Mamelukes fleeced the *Fellahin* as the Marathas plundered the Mogul Empire. It was the Maratha power which the British had to break in India. In Egypt the Mamelukes succumbed to Bonaparte with his soldiers and his savants.

In 1801 the British, who were in alliance with the Turkish Sultan, entered Egypt to expel the French. With them came an illiterate Albanian officer, Mehemet Ali, who was born, as were Bonaparte and Wellington, in 1769. Later Mehemet Ali turned his sword against the British, defeated them at Rosetta and exposed in triumph the severed heads of British prisoners. From 1807, the year of Rosetta, until 1849 he ruled Egypt in merely nominal allegiance to the Turkish Sultan. Like Bonaparte, Mehemet Ali dreamt of making Egypt a stepping-stone to the Empire of the East.

One may detect certain similarities in the career of Mehemet Ali, founder of modern Egypt, and that of the first President of an Egyptian Republic. Mehemet Ali was not Egyptian and he

entered Egypt with the British; Neguib's mother was a Sudanese and he was educated at Gordon College. Mehemet Ali established State control of produce and property. General Neguib has set in motion land reform and other social measures and his régime has confiscated the possessions of its enemies as Mehemet Ali seized the estates of the Mamelukes—and removed them by massacre. If Mehemet Ali listened to long letters on political philosophy written for his edification by Jeremy Bentham, and Neguib and his movement took to themselves liberal and Leftist ideas, both continued in the observances of Islam.

Like General Neguib, Mehemet Ali played the Powers off against each other in order to establish Egyptian independence. He made war on the Wahabite corsairs who plagued the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. He declined a naval alliance with Great Britain, believing that the great sea fish would swallow the small and indeed that Egypt would fall to the British as their share of the declining Ottoman Empire. It was the British who destroyed his fleet at Navarino in 1827. Meanwhile, however, Mehemet Ali had conquered Western Arabia, retaken the Holy Cities and restored the Pilgrimage. Among his governors was a Scotsman called Keith who had embraced Islam. By 1832 the great Pasha had overrun the Peloponnese and Syria and the designs which he nourished against the Barbary States recall recent Egyptian interest in the United Kingdom of Libya.

In 1822 Mehemet Ali conquered Nubia, Sennar and Kordofan and founded Khartoum. For Egypt the Sudan was an African El Dorado where gold was to be had and ivory, white and black, among the swamps and savages. Trade routes were now

opened with the Red Sea ports of Suakin and Massawa. The slave trade was proscribed in 1838 at the instance of the British, but remained the staple industry. By 1842 an Egyptian expedition had reached Gondokoro and extended Mehemet Ali's influence to African territories with which neither the Porte nor the Pashlik of Egypt had any relationship of race or religion.

"From 1819 to 1893," Winston Churchill wrote in *The River War*,

Egypt ruled the Soudan. Her rule was not kindly, wise nor profitable. Its aim was to exploit not to improve the local population. The miseries of the people were aggravated rather than lessened, but they were concealed. For the rough justice of the sword there were substituted the intricate laws of corruption and bribery. Violence and plunder were more hideous since they were cloaked with legality and armed with authority.

The land was undeveloped and poor. It barely sustained its inhabitants. The additional burden of a considerable foreign garrison and a crowd of rapacious officials increased the severity of the economic conditions. Scarcity was frequent. Famines were periodical. The Egyptians had only pressed upon the tortured face of the Soudan the bland mark of an organized Government.

Ivory was extracted from Equatoria, ostrich feathers from Kordofan, gum from Darfur, grain from Sennar and taxes from all.

Speke in 1862 was the first European to reach Buganda but in the early 'seventies Sir Samuel Baker, a Major-General of the Ottoman Empire, led an Egyptian expedition to the Upper Nile. He fought but failed to crush the slave trade but succeeded in annexing the territory between Gondokoro and the Equator and in establishing fortified posts. A German, Munzinger Bey, then Governor of the Red Sea Province, annexed Senhit on

the northern frontier of Abyssinia.

In 1874 Colonel Charles Gordon replaced Baker Pasha in the Equatorial Province. By the end of the following year Gordon had reached the third degree of north latitude and was planning a line of posts stretching from Khartoum to the Great Lakes and the launching of ships above the Nile Cataracts. Southward his ambition dwelt upon the fertile lands near the Great Lakes, Rudolf, Albert and Victoria Nyanza. His attempt to annex Buganda for Egypt was prevented by consular influence exerted from Zanzibar by Livingstone's old companion, Sir John Kirk. Besides Gordon, other Pashas were busy subduing Darfur and conquering Harar. In 1876 an Egyptian force was defeated by Abyssinians who captured the Khedive's son. In the following year Gordon became Governor-General of the whole Egyptian Sudan.

A Baker or a Gordon could further or alleviate Egyptian rule, but could not make it beneficial. "It is impossible," Colonel Stewart wrote in 1883, "to criticize too severely the conduct of the Egyptian troops, both officers and men, towards the natives." It was "in itself almost sufficient to cause a revolution. The Government is almost universally hated."

Yet our special position in Egypt carried some responsibility for the Sudan. Gladstone's abandonment of that responsibility in the face of the Mahdists is no less discreditable than his desertion of General Gordon. The Mahdi and the Khalifa replaced Egyptian oppression with savagery and slavery. Kitchener's scientific reconquest of the Sudan in 1898 was thus an epilogue to the long and glorious story of the suppression of the slave trade. A million square miles were added to the British Empire, not in name but in fact. The Condominium camouflaged an en-

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lightened and exemplary British system, which added the blessings of prosperity to those of peace. Egypt was linked with East and Central Africa; Cairo was linked to the Cape.

The Condominium now gives place to self-government leading to self-determination. Many hopes may be blasted and the more primitive peoples will be increasingly dismayed. But the Sudanese are no cringing subject race. They have devoured Egyptian battalions before now. It is the National Unionist Party itself which has raised the question of the Nile waters—waters which have made the Sudan to blossom and are the very life of Egypt. Great Britain has guaranteed to Egypt advantages under the Nile Waters Agreement which to the Sudanese seem over-generous. Egypt is over-populated and under-developed. In the time of Bonaparte there were 2.5 million Egyptians; the first census of 1897 showed more than 9 million; that of 1947 more than 19 million. Emigration, expansion and a larger share of the bounty of the Nile, are conceptions which are in tune with Egyptian wants and the mentality of a revolutionary dictatorship. Egypt holds herself still in a state of war with Israel. The experience of 1948 oppresses the mind of Neguib and his associates. Revenge would be sweet, but the armed forces and armed collectives of Israel are a formidable and fanatical defence; and there is the Tripartite Declaration of 1950.

It is British power which has maintained Egyptian influence in the Sudan and enabled Egypt to dream of wider dominion in Africa. Last August Dr. Mahmoud Fawzi, the Foreign Minister, received Mr. Morumbi of the Kenya African Union. Dr. Fawzi assured our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Robert Hankey, that it was not Egyptian policy "to en-

courage subversive movements in British territory" but, he declared in public, "Egyptian policy is consistent; it is against the suffocation of freedom anywhere in the world."

These are ambitious words. Broadcasting last July, Major Salah Salem alleged that Britain was not a great empire, as she had been in 1882, whereas Egypt had become more powerful. But in this shrinking world of atomic bombs and intercontinental bombers, the Great Powers have become fewer and greater and what Mehemet Ali could achieve a century ago is impossible for President Neguib. Independent Egypt's power ultimately depends upon modern military resources and a stable economic structure. These conditions do not exist although, over and above other forms of Western aid, Egypt's sterling balances constitute a claim for goods and services from the Sterling Area.

The Sterling Area and the Commonwealth demonstrate that full sovereignty is compatible with the partnership of States of varying size and strength. In 1936 the then Egyptian Prime Minister told the Chamber of Deputies that the Treaty of that year conferred advantages on both the parties and that Egypt would profit by the alliance of England. A revision of the Treaty is overdue and its terms must be viewed not only in the light of the cold war but of the enduring interests of the nations. Calling for the internationalization of the Suez Canal, perhaps under the United Nations, and for the presence upon its controlling body both of Egypt and of Great Britain and for a British base in the Suez area, the Prime Minister of South Africa expressed the truth that "the Middle East is a means of entry to Africa."

JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON.

WIFE OR MISTRESS?

A LEGAL CURIOSITY

By R. L. McEWEN

"You will die of the pox or on the gallows."

"That depends, my Lord, on whether I embrace your principles, or your mistress."

AT the time of Burke's celebrated reply to Lord Southampton, a mistress may have had the security of an attachment with a Peer of the Realm, but now her position has the more widespread, if less spectacular, advantage of a considerable measure of legal security as well. Indeed, as the result of a combination of the remains of an ancient principle, that man and wife are one (whereas man and mistress are manifestly two) with modern legislation, and some recent cases in the Courts, a man's mistress is in several respects put at a positive advantage even over his wife.

In a case under the Rent Acts heard in July by the Court of Appeal,* a woman had been living with a man in the house of which he was tenant, and had had two children by him. The tenant died, and the question arose whether the woman could be regarded as "a member of the tenant's family . . . residing with him at the time of his death," so as to entitle her to remain in the house as a tenant protected by the Rent Acts. In a previous similar case,† where the woman concerned had no children, it had been decided that she could not be so regarded, but here it was held that the presence of children made the requisite difference, and Somervell L.J. quoted Cohen L.J.‡

* Hawes v. Evenden (1953), 1 W.L.R. 1169.

† Gammans v. Ekins (1950), 2 K.B. 328.

‡ In Brock v. Wollams (1949), 2 K.B. 388, 395.

with approval: "The question which the County Court judge should have asked himself was this: would an ordinary man, addressing his mind to the question whether Mrs. X was a member of the family or not, have answered 'Yes' or 'No'? . . . The County Court judge . . . said, 'They all lived together as a family. He treated and acknowledged the children as his own, and they used his surname. She did not take his name. She said that it would have made no difference as all the neighbours knew that they were not married. . . .'"

Whatever the ordinary man's views really are, an interesting point relating to this decision is that it is highly doubtful whether such a man's true wife, supposing that he had deserted her in order to live with his mistress, would gain a similar protection on his death, were she to be living in rent-controlled property. She could hardly be said to be "residing with him" as well, at the time of his death, and certainly her position, though protected in a special way before he dies* is even then much inferior to that of a tenant.†

Contrasted with this decision in a social though not in a legal sense, is the case of Donner v. Donner.‡ Here a wife, who had obtained a divorce and substantial maintenance from her husband, set up house with another man. The husband thereupon stopped paying her the full allowance of maintenance. He had, however, generously if some-

* Bendall v. McWhirter (1952), 2 Q.B. 53, and other recent cases.

† R. v. Twickenham Rent Trib. exp. Dunn (1953), 3 W.L.R. 517.

‡ The Times, June 23rd, 1953.

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what incautiously, drafted his maintenance deed so that the payments should be diminished only in the event of her remarriage. She therefore sued him to recover her arrears of maintenance. The husband argued that she should be presumed to have remarried. She held herself out to the neighbourhood as having done so, she was living as a wife and appeared as such on the electoral register. This argument, however, failed, and the late wife remained in the happy position of being fully supported, as it were, from both sides. Mr. Justice Roxburgh, who tried the case, is reported as saying that "it was no longer enough to insert in a deed of this sort 'remarriage' if the husband wished to secure to himself the substance of the bargain. To some the moral obligation might be stronger than the financial, to others the converse might be true; and there was (in his judgment), no doubt that the plaintiff belonged to the latter category." This case turned, in fact, on the clear interpretation of the deed, although possibly considerations of public policy might once have affected the decision. In any event, these two cases demonstrate how a little prudent manipulation of a mistress's affairs may result in obtaining the ha'pence of a marriage with none of the kicks.

"At the date of the deed," said the judge in *Donner v. Donner*, "taxation was very fierce, and persons who entered into such deals as this must have in mind that the moral bonds of society have received serious inroads from the penal character of taxation." The losses which a wife, but not of course a mistress, of independent means sustains to the Inland Revenue are well known, since a wife living with her husband is assessed together with him for income and surtax purposes. Any social disadvantage to which the mistress is put may be simply adjusted, at

any rate before moving into a new district, by the legally recognized expedient of changing her surname by deed poll. This principle of the "unity of the household," where husband and wife live together, has been followed so as to allow the wife to benefit from the husband's contributions in certain instances, e.g. widow's benefit and retirement pensions, under the National Insurance Act of 1946. It depends on the incomes of the people concerned whether this compensates, in the end, for what is lost in taxation.

A mistress, moreover—who naturally receives Family Allowances for her children in the same way as a wife (see the definition of "Family" in Section 3 of the Family Allowance Act, 1945) can both sue her lover in tort—that is to say for a civil wrong, such as negligence, or libel, or trespass—and close her door against him if she wishes. Neither of these reliefs is in general open to the wife against her husband, so that, for example, a wife who, as a passenger in a car driven by her husband, is injured by his negligent driving, cannot sue him—unlike a mistress in similar circumstances—and therefore will normally recover nothing from his insurers. What is more, the mistress can exercise these rights even though she may be living amicably with her lover up to the time of the tort (whatever it may be); the wife cannot sue even if she is living apart from her husband, or has been deserted by him, provided that there is no decree of divorce.

It is true that the deserted mistress is still at a disadvantage compared to the deserted wife; but the most benevolent of Welfare States would find grave difficulty in making legislative provision for her. Even so, some measure of admiration may be accorded to those who undergo the losses and dangers of the married state, when

they might profit from a situation which has been judicially described as "the equivalent of a marriage with the natural consequences of a marriage" (by which was meant children); the word "equivalent" has perhaps grown a little elastic since the year 1866, when Lord Penzance, in an often quoted dictum, defined marriage itself as "the voluntary union for life of one man and one woman to the exclusion of all others." The "status" does bear a curious resemblance to the old Soviet view of marriage, as expressed in the 1926 Code, the high-water mark of the reforms, which has been described in an interesting article in *The Month* by D. P. O'Connell as "... the ultimate formulation of the doctrinaire view. It was no longer necessary for parties to register in order to marry. Their *de facto* cohabitation, together with circumstantial evidence of the relative permanence of the liaison, sufficed. All judicial procedure for divorce was

abolished. The bond between the parties could be severed unilaterally and without giving reasons; when the consensus of one party was withdrawn the basis of the marriage disappeared. A common surname might be employed as the parties pleased. If one spouse changed his or her abode there was no obligation on the part of the other to follow. . . . Not the formal institution but mere fact created the relationship of parents and child, and all distinction of legitimacy was abolished. . . . The duty of maintenance was specifically incorporated in the Code. . . ."

The enhanced condition of mistresses in England would, indeed, seem to lead to a decline in the attractions of *inter alia*, re-marriage, and consequently of divorces, and this would generally be considered beneficial although it appears a roundabout way of achieving a public benefit.

R. L. McEWEN.

THE TOMATO

By EDWARD HYAMS

THE housewife or the greengrocer might classify the tomato as a vegetable or salad, if only on the grounds that it is eaten with savoury dressing, not sweet, or used in savoury cooking. It is none the less a fruit, of course, one of the most recent additions to our supply of fruits, but already of major importance by reason of its richness in certain vitamins which more southerly peoples can get from citrus fruits, and a popularity which would certainly not have been forecast for it only a century ago.

If it is true that many of our ornamental plants have been introduced by intrepid plant hunters directly from the

wild, most of our esculent plants have come to us from alien and advanced civilizations from which we have taken whatever we could use. In the case of most of the fruits which are the subject of these studies, the source has been South-west Asia, but the tomato comes from the other side of the world, from one of the most interesting cultures in the whole history of mankind, and one most alien to our own. It comes, moreover, from that group of cultures whose economic plants, when introduced into the old world, did more to change the economy of the human race than anything since the discovery of agriculture and the domestication of wheat: from

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ancient "Peru" and "Mexico," the Old World received maize, the potato, tobacco, beans of the kind eaten green, chocolate, and rubber. None of these plants were known to us before 1500; none cultivated east of the Atlantic or west of the Pacific until about 1550. Yet it is certainly true that an important part of the foundation of western and oriental civilization to-day is built of these vegetables. (See, e.g., Dr. Redcliffe Salaman's *Social and Economic History of the Potato*.)

The origin of tomato cultivation is obscure, but I shall try to show that it occurred, and could only have occurred, on the Pacific face of the Andes.

The word tomato, which is similar in the principal European languages, is a corruption of the *Nahua* word *tumatl*, or *tomatl*, the etymology of which is not known. *Nahua* was one of the languages spoken by the people who created a high civilization—the one destroyed by Cortez—in central America and Mexico, and whom we tend to think of as "the Aztecs". This people, the Aztecs, were neither the originators of the culture they came to dominate, nor its most advanced or admirable exponents; they were to their predecessors as the Romans to the Greeks, a people of inferior genius but superior organizing ability. They received, from their Maya tutors, all their culture but their barbarous religion, including all their economic plants. Among these was the cultivated tomato.

I have assumed it as a rule in these essays that the original language of a loan-word name for a plant or fruit is a guide to its immediate, although not necessarily ultimate, source. *Tumatl* cultivation, then, came to us from "the Aztecs," and in due course received something like its Aztec name among us, although when it first appeared in Europe it was called either Golden

Apple, or Love Apple, of which more anon.

As early as 1554 Matthiöle records seeing tomatoes growing in Italy; he calls it Pomo d'Oro, from which it may be deduced that the fruit was yellow, not red, although the yellow varieties are not very popular to-day, despite an undeserved reputation for superior flavour. The fruit was also noticed by Guillaudinus, in his *De Paphyro* (1572). However, before continuing to follow the tomato's European progress, it will be as well to return to Mexico and to try tracing the plant back to its wild state and habitat.

That it was cultivated in Mexico is attested not only in the *Nahua* word *tumatl*: Humboldt not only noticed it in Mexican gardens but considered that its cultivation was anciently established: earlier, Hernandez, in his *History* (1651) says that the tomato was so important in Aztec husbandry that it ranked with maize, beans, and peppers, all staples, and that in his time four distinct varieties were in cultivation. From the earliest extant drawing of the plant it is clear that it already bore, in gardens, fruit of the order of size now familiar; and this is important because the wild fruit is nothing like so large, which argues a long term of selection in garden conditions.

Like maize, the tomato as we have it, and as the ancient Mexicans had it, is completely unknown as a really wild plant. The origins of maize have been traced in one of the most remarkable works of agricultural archaeology ever undertaken*; and although no such work has been done on tomatoes, it happens that the history of maize can be of use to us in considering the tomato. Since the tomato as we know it is not found in the wild state any-

* *The History of Indian Corn*. Manglesdorf & Reeves. Bulletin 574, Texas, Agric. Exp. Stat.

where, it is an horticultural *artifact*. To "make" such a species takes many generations of selection and hybridization, therefore Humboldt was right in surmising that its cultivation was ancient.

Could the Mexicans themselves have brought it into cultivation? Possibly, but I do not believe that they did; it seems doubtful whether the wild tomatoes found in Mexico and South California are, in fact, natives. They may be degenerated escapes. Here a glance at the case of maize will be helpful.

There is absolutely no evidence whatever that the two great American civilizations so much as knew of each other's existence. This is not at all extraordinary. The Greeks knew nothing of China, the civilization centres of the ancient world were separated by their want of means of communication, and if this was true of the Old World, how much more so of America where nature had provided man with no animal suitable for riding or driving and among peoples who, although very advanced in the arts and some sciences, were very backward in practical techniques, without seagoing vessels or metal tools.

But formal knowledge or relationship between the two great culture centres would not be necessary for some exchange of plants and techniques. Between the two peoples was a thin, but unbroken line of semi-savage and savage nations, who would adopt the plants and methods of their civilized neighbours, so that Peruvian discoveries might pass along this line to Guatemala and Mexico, and *vice versa*. Something of the kind must have happened in the case of maize long before either civilization had been raised to the high level attained by the time of the Conquests: for it is now known that maize is an artificial plant, developed out of a wild pod-corn growing on the eastern side of the Andes. Many

hundreds, perhaps thousands of years were required to develop maize as we know it; its ancestral varieties must have been brought over the Andes by the ancestors of the people who created the first great civilization, the *Tiahuanaco* I culture, in the region of Lake Titicaca, although these people must have grown their maize further down the mountains, towards the warmer sea shore. What is certain is that this process cannot possibly have happened twice, in two different places, and therefore maize and its cultivation must have spread from "Peru" up through Guatemala, into Mexico and so north to the Canadian border, for it was being grown by all settled and partially settled peoples in America north of the tropics when Columbus arrived. If this could happen in the case of maize, it could also happen in the case of the tomato. That it did so is made probable by the fact that an unquestionably wild tomato does grow on the western face of the Andes and perhaps nowhere else.

Wild tomato can now be found widely distributed in Central America. The seeds take no harm from passage through human or animal bodies, and it is a plant which "escapes" so easily that it has naturalized itself in places where it is certainly not native. Yet in early works on, for example, Brazilian flora, such as Piso's and Marcgraf's, there is no mention of the tomato. De Martius, in *Flora Braziliensis*, says that he had seen wild tomato near Rio de Janeiro and Para, but there is reason to think that these plants were escapes. De Candolle was unable to identify any tomato as definitely the wild species.

There is, however, the wild species of the Pacific southern litoral, *Lycopersicon cerasiforma*, the Cherry Tomato, the fruit being very small, spherical, and hanging in clusters. This is the ancestor species of the garden fruit, and it was introduced to Europe in this wild

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form, as well as its cultivated descendants from Mexico. It was brought to Europe as an ornamental, and was so considered for several centuries.

It is, then, most likely that the ancient Peruvians were responsible for the domestication of this very valuable fruit. They were extremely skilful gardeners; their ancestors had made maize out of pod-corn; they had founded their early culture, their first agrarian settlements after they had ceased to be primarily llama-herds, on the domestication of the potato; they were incomparable terrace-builders, soil-makers and irrigators. Only the absence of records prevents us from knowing, for certain, whether the tomato was among their garden plants; the wanton destruction of the great "quipu" libraries and the scholars who could "read" them, by Pizarro and his ruffians, is a loss we can never recover; but even without records we can be tolerably sure of the history of the tomato.

Peru — Mexico — Spain — Italy — Provence; this was the route followed by the plant. We have seen it noticed by two botanists in the 16th century. It was left to Tournefort to classify it and he gave it an evil name. It is curious that the *Solanaceæ*, long notorious in Europe as a source of poisons (e.g. Henbane, Deadly Nightshade, Thorn-apple), should have provided three out of four of the most important economic plants of America. True, aubergine is a solanum, and was in fact associated with the tomato by Matthiöle, who, however, significantly in this connexion, called the new plant *Mala insana*. It is understandable that the tomato should have been regarded with suspicion. Tournefort, with an ancient Greek poison, possibly thorn-apple, in mind, called it *Lycopersicum*, woolf-peach, which was corrected and amended to *Lycopersicon esculentum*

by Miller, thus placing it in the definitely edible class.

Despite early suspicion the plant quickly established itself in south European kitchen gardens and cuisine but, in the north, possibly because the difficulty of ripening the fruit made it less familiar, suspicion long persisted. As late as 1653 Dalechamps, in his *Histoire des Plantes*, was writing:

"Ces pommes (ie pommes d'amour), comme aussi toute la plante, refroidissent, toutefois un peu moins que le mandragore; parquoy il est dangereux d'en user. Toutefois aucuns mangent les pommes cuites, avec huile, sel et poivre. Elles donnent peu de nourriture au corps, laquelle est mauvaïse et corrompue." More than a hundred years later, in the earliest extant catalogue of the great seedsmen Vilmorin-Andrieux (1760), the tomato is still called *Pomme d'amour* and listed only as an ornamental. But it was consecrated into the Order of *Haute Cuisine* by Napoleon's cook, after Marengo, and in the great dish *Poulet marengo*.

I can, oddly enough, find absolutely no clue to this name of *Pomme d'Amour*, which was used also in Britain and Germany, but not in the south. Can the new plant have been associated with some north European solanum credited with aphrodisiac properties?

The plant does not seem to have been taken seriously in Britain until about 1830, when it was also being taken up in the United States. The earliest improvements for garden purposes were achieved in those two countries; the American variety *Trophy* and the Royal gardener, Thomas's, *Frogmore Selected* date from about a century ago. But distrust of this fruit persisted well into the 20th century, and there are still old people in English villages who have never eaten it and regard it as unwholesome. Flora Thompson, in her master-

piece *Larkrise*, tells how she first saw this fruit, still called love-apple, brought to her Oxfordshire village by a pedlar in the 1880's.

The westward movement of tomatoes probably occurred independently of the eastward diffusion. Wilks records the fruit in Fiji, Rumphius in Malasia, before it was at all widely accepted in northern Europe. Grant notices it as wild, that is naturalized, in Central Africa. In fact by 1850 the distribution of the tomato was world wide within its climatic limits, and by 1950 it had

become a major article of diet everywhere it could be grown, with or without the protection of glass.

This achievement has taken less than 400 years. That is not much time for so thorough a colonization of the world, but if it seems too short it may be remembered that both the potato and maize required even less time, the latter, indeed, establishing itself even in China, as a staple and a source of taxation revenue, long before the first Portuguese had penetrated that empire.

EDWARD HYAMS.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

IN the January, 1904, edition of *The National Review* there is an anonymous contribution called "The Poet's Diary." In spirit it is reminiscent of Belloc. Here is an extract :—

How it rained in Turin! How, for three nights and days, it rained without respite at Milan! I read, for the first time, by blazing subalpine logs, *I Promessi Sposi*, still the most classical, and therefore the novel most likely the longest to endure, of Italian prose romances . . . I did not want to have my first sight of Rome till this generally expected spell of Autumn wet had passed away, as it shortly did. Then I took boat to Civita Vecchia, and thence started, behind jingling bells and whip rhythmically sounding, for the Imperial City.

But dusk had fallen before I reached it, and so it mattered little that I entered by the Porta Aurelia, perhaps the least impressive of the many approaches to Rome, and I was being driven, swinging and swaying on ill-fitted wheels, all making a separate track for themselves, over the unevenly paved, scarcely lighted streets of the Trastevere. I could just see the colossal outlines of Saint Peter's and the Castle of Sant' Angelo looming through the twilight, and in the dark

narrow ways here and there a figure with a cloak flung across from shoulder to shoulder and carefully crossing the mouth, making one feel as if the stiletto-bearing emissaries of Roderigo or Caesar Borgia had come to life again, and were ready to strike the assigned victim, and then vanish into the darkness. But within an hour of the diligence driving into the Piazza di Spagna, and drawing up at the doors of the Albergo di Londra, the moon had risen, and it was the November moon in full. Do you ask if I went to the Colosseum? Yes, and lone, yet not alone; for Commodus and Christian Martyrs accompanied me, and I heard in its mysterious and majestic solitude the roar of underground lions hotly breathing for their prey, and grave Roman Senators and pitiless Roman matrons applauding Dacian gladiators as they advanced, retreated, rallied, and struck at each other's lives. And as I wended inward, and met ever and anon a batch of French Zouaves patrolling the deserted streets, I found myself murmuring to the night the exquisite line Ovid makes Paris address to Helen:

Accipe me lectu, nocte silente, tuo,

and then slept the sleep of the weary traveller.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

A SENSE OF THE PAST*

By ERIC GILLETT

THE learned author of the article on History in the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, published in 1911, records with some regret that historians no longer attempt to write world history; they form associations of specialists for the purpose. Each historian chooses his own epoch or century and his own subject, and spends his life mastering such traces of it as he can find. History itself has a habit of confounding such sweeping generalizations, and during the past forty years more than one writer must have caused him to revise his opinion if he had had to deliver a judgment in 1953. The startling—one might even say the sensational—portraiture of Lytton Strachey led to a much more vivid and colourful depiction of the past, and biography as well as history has benefited therefrom. Various authors have shown that they are not in the least afraid of tackling a dozen centuries in a compendious volume. The immense success and popular appeal of Dr. G. M. Trevelyan's histories of England would have earned the respect and admiration of Mrs. Florence Barclay and Miss Marie Corelli. Future historians of the book-selling trade will certainly have something to say about this. They will also note that Dr. Arthur Bryant, proceeding from a lively biography of Charles II and a scholarly portrait of Pepys, gradually widened his scope, first to an *English Saga*, 1840–1940, then to a trilogy on England's rise to greatness during the Napoleonic wars, and finally to *The Story of England* itself, to be told in three books.

The first of them, *Makers of the Realm*, carries the record from “far back in the mists of geological time to the start of the fourteenth century.”

These earliest days present a problem difficult enough for the specialist historian, the man glued to this particular period. To a writer who has dealt exclusively with the seventeenth and later centuries it must have seemed the toughest of all nuts to crack. His approach is both modest and assured. He makes no claim to originality. He is only telling an old story in a new way. It is not a work of scholarship, but only a collation of the scholarship of others, to whom his debt is incalculable. This is a disarming start to a formidable task. The historian's aim is clear and precise.

I have written (he says) for both young and old, for those who know a little of England's past and for those who know scarcely anything at all. My aim has been to set down in a small compass the essential things a man or boy should know who wants to understand his country's past. I have taken as little for granted as possible, but have told the story, so far as my scale admits, as it unfolded itself to the men and women of the time. Throughout I have tried to picture the outward form of their lives; to show how they lived and what our country looked like: to recall

* *Makers of the Realm*. By Arthur Bryant. Vol. I: “The Story of England.” Collins. 16s.

Pleasure of Ruins. By Rose Macaulay. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 25s.

The Founders. By Philip Woodruff. Part I: “The Men Who Ruled India.” Cape. 30s. *The Two Heroines of Plumplington*. By Anthony Trollope. Deutsch. 12s. 6d.

The Faber Book of Children's Verse. Compiled by Janet Adam Smith. Faber. 12s. 6d.

the warmth and actuality of an existence once as real as ours. Private lives have been as much grist to my mill as public, and the hearth as the throne. Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims and Christian setting out with his burden have been seen as part of the same pilgrimage as Drake circumnavigating the globe or Gladstone touring Midlothian.

Every generation makes fresh demands on the historians. Most histories, like theological works, have their brief lives before they are superseded by new works compiled in the light of additional evidence and presented in the prevailing idiom of the day. Dr. Bryant is the happy possessor of a style which will not easily date. There is nothing Gibbonian about it. It marches easily from the majestic survey of the general scene to the fascinating particularities in the lives of obscure monks and humble peasants. The author realizes that one small fact is often worth a chapter of political theory. It was the American Emerson who noted that by their regard for the sacredness of individuals the English had in seven hundred years evolved the principles of freedom, and Dr. Bryant, who has not shirked the many problems of the dim dawn-light of our beginnings, swoops down when the mists lift to give some anecdote which provides a clue to character. The first of these shows Caractacus led in triumph through the streets of Rome and amazed by the splendour of the local architecture. "Why," he is said to have asked his captors, "when you had all this, did you covet our poor huts?" For their part, the Romans were so impressed by his dignity that they released him and restored him to his family and country.

Successive waves of invaders are shown ranging over the island plundering, destroying, making life hideous for the natives. Yet each wave as it receded left something behind. Men were as-

similated into the different tribes, at this time unconscious of any kind of national purpose. The great Alfred, remembered by generations of school children for the least important incident in his splendid career, first gave them that. Pious Edmund, the capable Harold, defeated when tired and stripped of many of his followers, give place to the ruthless, able Norman Conqueror, and there follows the harsh, gradually progressive and often disreputable chronicle of his successors.

There is a masterly summary of the great civilizing, medical and educational work done by the Church, culminating in the extraordinary struggle between Henry II and the brave exhibitionist Thomas à Becket. The activities of the monks were often bewildering in their diversity. A monk of Malmesbury invented a flying machine that flew a furlong. Dr. Bryant's note on this pioneer of aviation is tantalizing. "It fell," he comments, "and broke his leg because he forgot to give it a tail." This intrepid and holy man must have been the first English glider, and I cannot imagine why his flight of 220 yards has not received wider publicity. Dr. Bryant must extend his note for the second edition.

The chapter on the conflict between Henry and his turbulent Archbishop is the best thing in this fascinating book. "The Holy Blissful Martyr" is depicted as a man capable of every attitude except moderation, one who could play magnificently to the gallery and fail to capture the trust or regard of his equals. The King had his measure, but Henry's great powers of understanding and judgment could be obliterated by sudden paroxysms of temper. It is to one of them that the Church owes its most famous martyr. The tragic story is told with great force and restraint here, and the effect is overwhelming in its inevitability and pathos.

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In *Makers of the Realm* Dr. Bryant shows, as he has often shown before, how well he can rise to a high theme. This is the first part of England's story. It has been nobly told. There seems every likelihood that Dr. Bryant's *Story of England* will prove to be at least as popular as those of his distinguished predecessors, Dr. Trevelyan and J. R. Green. All three share a sense of the past and the power of communicating it when they write about it. In this they are joined by Miss Rose Macaulay, whose latest book, *Pleasure of Ruins*, is one of the most delightfully written and rewarding books I have ever read. It was Henry James who wrote: "To delight in the aspects of sentient ruin might appear a heartless pastime, and the pleasure, I confess, shows a note of perversity."

Miss Macaulay informs us that she writes as a pleasurerist. Her book is highly selective. She does not claim that it is architectural or archaeological, or in any other way expert. Its aim is to explore the various kinds of pleasure given to various people at various epochs by the spectacle of ruined buildings. This purpose, which must have involved the author during the three years of its composition in tireless research and travel, gives an almost unrivalled opportunity for surveying the eccentricities and enthusiasms of fellow ruinists. ("Pleasurerist" dates from 1682. I see no reason why "Ruinist" (1954) should not be coined in Miss Macaulay's honour.) She exhibits all these people with a twinkling regard which contrives to be sympathetic and humorous. She manages to be a universal aunt to them all, the kindest of aunts, the most entertaining of aunts, and yet an aunt who must always be respected, if only for the enormous amount of erudition, the pages peppered with quotations in a number of languages, the indomitable energy and

enjoyment, which make the book a joy even to an ignoramus like myself. How well she writes! How cleverly she follows almost unbelievably pompous and gushing quotations from the works of earlier ruinists with her own tart, brisk and unexpected comments. As someone—I think it was Dixon Scott—once remarked of *Zuleika Dobson*, this is not only fine writing, it is a lark; and although I was slightly surprised to find Marie Lloyd singing "I am very fond of ruins, ruins I love to scan," in Miss Macaulay's Introduction, there is a kind of academic Marie Lloydery running through *Pleasure of Ruins*. It appears, for instance, in the account of Mycenæ, a ruin which stirred Pausanias eighteen hundred years ago:

To-day, like Pausanias, we observe the Lion Gate, and fancy the spring that rises near it to be the fountain that Perseus found among the mushrooms, admire the fragments of the Cyclopean walls, the Treasury of Atreus, the tombs, the remains of palace and temple, muse on the terrible family life led by the royal house of Pelops, as Edmond About mused at the Lion Gate on a Sunday morning a century ago, with the shocked pleasure of one reading the more sensational Sunday papers. Through the great gate, he recalled, King Agamemnon had gone out with Iphigenia whom he intended to butcher; by the same gate, when he returned from conquering Troy, his dark wife and her lover awaited him, with the shirt in which she enveloped him while her lover clove his head with an axe. Through this gate came Orestes her son, who was to murder his mother and her lover. Within these walls Atreus had killed the children of his brother. . . . Its walls, About thought, had a peculiarly villainous physiognomy.

Alongside the picture of human reactions to decay Miss Macaulay examines the ruins themselves and the the impression they make by their beauty,

strangeness or transitoriness to short-lived humans. A broken beauty is all that remains of ancient magnificence. It is this imperfection and loneliness which appeal to so many people who are not archaeologists or antiquarians, and this is the principal charm of this many-sided book. Only a poet could have written it. Only a humorist could have made it acceptable and compelling, and I found *Pleasure of Ruins* as hard to lay down as *The Notebooks of Samuel Butler* or *Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack*. This second comparison will not be, I feel, very congenial to Miss Macaulay. It cannot be helped. Some books are inviting and companionable. This one is both. It has also beauty and a delight in the bewildering variety of human behaviour. I recommend it especially to the reader who is not sure that he likes the sound of it at all, because I believe that he will enjoy it.

A sense of the past, too, is strong in Mr. Philip Woodruff's *The Founders*, which is the first part of *The Men Who Ruled India*. For over three hundred years men went out from these islands to govern, trade and fight, and this is an account of some of them, their work and their intentions. Mr. Woodruff is a former member of the Indian Civil Service and Secretary to the Chiefs of Staff Committee in Delhi. Many years ago now Mr. Somerset Maugham noted disapprovingly the slackening hands of the government officials in the East. Whitehall had become resolved to pursue a policy of remote control. *The Founders* is the story of the days when the man on the spot was in a position to win the confidence or dislike of the people under his care and settle their problems without too much interference from higher authority. The administrative machine might be impersonal. The contacts between District Commissioners and their areas were close and sometimes intimate. There were

times when they did not agree with the measures which their orders made it necessary for them to administer. There were times when they were able to temper the wind to the perplexed native population. Mr. Woodruff puts the situation in a nutshell when he says: "There was the will of the people of England expressed imperfectly by the Crown, by Parliament, by the Court of Directors of the East India Company; at the other end, there were men in India who fought, won, governed, trained and handed over what they had made, sometimes in conscious disagreement with the will of England but in obedience to it at the last."

This first volume takes the story from the Moguls in 1600 down to the Mutiny, and Mr. Woodruff's method is deliberately selective. From the time when the civil servants of the East India Company discovered that they had to be diplomatists, administrators and soldiers, with considerable opportunities for wealth and power, through a long period of decent, honest administration, there grew up a standard of devoted service which won the admiration of a large part of the civilized world. There has been a tendency to forget this in the bickerings and troubles of recent years. Mr. Woodruff has done well to point out that "English rule in India is to be judged by the conscious will of England expressed in Parliament and by the aims of a good district officer, not by the nasty little atavistic impulses that came wriggling up from the subconscious when an official of the Treasury scored a departmental triumph over the India Office, when a merchant fixed something over an opulent lunch."

Here is a remarkable assembly of diverse personalities. Warren Hastings, Sir John Shore, William Hickey pave the way for Munro, Elphinstone and many others. Mr. Woodruff has chosen his cast well, and *The Founders* will be

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read eagerly by those who have India's or Pakistan's interests at heart or have worked there, those who remember "the smell of dust thirstily drinking the first rain, the spicy peppery smell of a grain-dealer's shop, the reek of mangoes, marigolds and lush vegetation when the sun breaks through the clouds in August and the earth steams."

The two clerical gentlemen in the long drawing-room of the Athenæum who were responsible for the premature death of Mrs. Proudie and the close of the Barsestshire series of Trollope's novels, may or may not have reproached themselves afterwards for putting an end to a good thing. Trollope wrote more than two-thirds of his fiction after the incident occurred, and he never returned to his favourite county except in the slightest glancing reference, but now someone has unearthed from the Christmas number of *Good Words* for 1882 a tale written during that year and published after the author's death. Slight *The Two Heroines of Plumplington* may be, but it has the authentic touch, the careful, convincing characterization, and I felt, on reading the first page, that the rather tired old author was home again and happy to be there. This is not a full-length novel but a sketch. As I read it, I wondered if it had been written from a synopsis made about the time that *The Last Chronicle* was published with a view to continuing the Barsestshire series, but this would have been unlike Trollope's usual method.

Although *The Two Heroines of Plumplington* is in no way ambitious it tells a story well worth reading. The two girls, their two fathers, and the two young men who comprise the sextette most heavily involved in the plot easily qualify for membership of the great Trollope Club. They could not belong elsewhere. Then there is young Harry Gresham, son of old Mr. Gresham of Greshamsbury, "who always dined at

half-past seven," a sure sign of his social position, and he had always been willing to further the match between Emily, the banker's daughter, and his younger son. In Plumplington (pop. 20,000), the "second town in Barsestshire," these niceties were observed at least as strictly as anywhere else in the county, and no one paid more heed to them than Dr. Freeborn, the rector, a vintage Trollopiian clergyman if ever there was one. ("He was a man specially anxious for the mundane happiness of his parishioners and who would take any amount of personal trouble to insure it; but he was in fault perhaps in this, that he considered that everybody ought to be happy just because he told them to be so.") The appearance of this forgotten chip off the old block is a delightful New Year's greeting from the past. All the knots are unravelled in time for a reconciliatory Christmas dinner at the Rectory, complete with speech by the Doctor, and they were all very jolly until he began to feel that "it might be difficult to restrain the spirits which he had raised." Mr. Lynton Lamb's lithographs made me feel that he, too, is at home in Barsestshire.

I have only just come across *The Faber Book of Children's Verse*, compiled by Janet Adam Smith. It is such a sensible, enjoyable collection that I should like to praise it here. It has been got together for children between eight and fourteen, and the editor, who knew very well what she was doing, "has no patience with those who say that love and death are not proper subjects for children." The editor takes full responsibility for her choice, but she is able to say that there is no poem in the book that has not been liked by children. May I say that I, now rather beyond the age group for which it is intended, like it very much too?

ERIC GILLET

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

A WISE TRAVELLER

HORNED MOON. By Ian Stephens. *Chatto and Windus*. 21s.

MR. IAN STEPHENS brought to his journalistic work in India exceptional qualities and experience. A double first at Cambridge; five years as director of the Central Government's Bureau of Information; service with the Indian Franchise Committee—this was a rich background for the editing of a great newspaper, the *Statesman*, published in Calcutta and Delhi, 800 miles apart, but both centres in India as distinct from Pakistan. It was needed in the stormy days leading to independence and partition, which imposed on the editor of a British-owned newspaper responsibilities of an onerous character. After partition Mr. Stephens asked himself whether in these circumstances it was possible to pursue his ideal—a healing influence between the two Dominions. After the bloody riots in Calcutta in 1950 he decided that it was not and so resigned a lucrative and otherwise congenial appointment. The decision was an honour to himself and his craft.

In this volume Mr. Stephens gives us a vivid picture of India and Pakistan in these hectic years. There is no attempt to present an objective story of independence and partition; there are sidelights of a pregnant character. Lord Mountbatten and his colleagues had no doubts as to what the attitude of the *Statesman* should be; the paper was "in effect threatened with death, on the Indian Cabinet's behalf, unless it adopted a more pro-Indian line." Mr. Stephens was not born to sign on the dotted line; whilst he considers that the balance in the hapless Kashmir dispute lies with Pakistan, he does not seek to palliate the tribal incursion which evoked the military action by India, but he suggests with reason that the allegation of Pakistani planning is not proven. This barren controversy must be decided by historians in a calmer atmosphere; what should concern us to-day is the aftermath—the effect of the stubborn refusal of India to implement the successive efforts of the United

Nations to hew a path through the Kashmir jungle. Noting the massing of arms on both sides of the India-Pakistan frontier there is this sage reflection; the two Governments "should have been bending nearly all their limited resources to their huge internal problems; lessening poverty, curbing disease, building houses and roads and schools, growing more food. Instead they frittered them away in these lavish military preparations against one another."

There is an even more tragic picture of the meeting between a Pakistani and an Indian officer, who were at college together and shared a room, mingling at first all smiles and animation, then congealed by rival Indian and Pakistani military security. These are grim thoughts which should give anxious pause to Ministers on both sides of the far-flung frontiers; to India, with the menace of a population growing at the rate of four millions a year and unemployment put as high as twelve and a half millions; and to Pakistan, after a first flush of prosperity, now dependent for its economic viability on the prodigious gift of wheat from America and doles under the Colombo plan and other international agencies. Do the present movements towards a plebiscite hold the hope of a solution? Mr. Stephens's conclusion is blunt and pessimistic. It is that Kashmiri reunion can only be brought about by India from Srinagar, in one of two ways; either by military conquest, or—in the long run—by Communism. And he goes on significantly to remark that Communism, as a possible outcome of the Kashmir dispute, has been in some minds almost from the start. If the division of Kashmir is the only solution it cannot wait without peril to both sides, though it may well pass the wit of man to draw a new frontier in place of the irregular cease-fire line.

Freed from the editorial burden Mr. Stephens enjoyed himself in air travel up and down the north-west frontier. He is in every sense of the term the happy traveller; no hardship vexes him, no delay frets his soul; and his happiness amongst the tribal folk—even amongst the Mahsuds, or some of them—is communicated to his readers in these lively

AIR-SCRIPT

pages. Perhaps they induce a sense of nostalgia amongst the older generation of Anglo-Indians, who had to drive to Landi Kotal in a dogcart whilst the catchemalive-o's hungered for loot in the hills, or yearned to accompany the Chitral reliefs in their long trek to and fro. But there are compensations; air flights are transport rather than travel.

The publishers have cast this stimulating book in admirable format, with a wealth of pictures in colour and monochrome which are a joy to the eye.

STANLEY REED.

AIR-SCRIPT

OUR LIVING LANGUAGE. By A. R. Rossiter. *Longmans*. 10s. 6d.

IT was Sir Desmond McCarthy's view that the spoken word and the written are such separate entities that the reprinting of broadcast talks is an offence against cultural propriety. I never could understand this judgment; provided the talks are recorded as talks—and not sketchily rewritten to be presented as normal literature—they may be extremely valuable and well merit survival. That they may be jerky, slangy, and possibly regardless of grammar as well as of syntax is true; thus the sensitive eye of the reader who rarely listens to the radio may be pained. But the listener, especially the listener who may be himself a radio talker and appreciates the enormous power of the broadcast word, should be very grateful to Mr. Rossiter for reprinting his talks on *Living English* in their original form. They were very successful talks and any broadcaster on similar topics will read them with care and receive some useful instruction on how to keep his English lively: writers, too, will find him a shrewd monitor, deflecting them from the cliché and the routine phrase.

Mr. Rossiter applies the term *air-script* to the new kind of prose style and vocabulary that radio has evoked. There are, of course, various levels of *air-script* style. Cyril Connolly's distinction between *You-Man English* and *Mandarin English* (or *American*) is wisely quoted. *Third Pro-*

gramme English is usually permitted to be *Mandarin*; whether that is right or not, is arguable. Would it shatter the proud spirit of *Third Programme* Pundits if they were commanded to consider the listener rather more and to temper the written script to the receptive willingness of the average sensible man? In short, would not some lessons in *Air-Script* improve the speaking technique and increase the listening figures of the *Third*? On the other hand *Air-Script* need not be an orgy of *You-Man-Ese*.

Mr. Rossiter has included some addresses and papers not composed for the microphone, but since the chief element of his book is his series of "*Living Language*" talks the reviewer naturally gives first consideration to the merit of these as well as to the engrossing problem of how to use the microphone (in working, say, for the Home Service) with the best effect. For, while Mr. Rossiter is considering the various nuisances of *Jargon*, *Business English*, *Officialese*, and so on, he is himself providing his own example of *Air-Script*. It is an example which broadcasters can examine with advantage.

He has many aids to his talk-technique. He knows how to quote effectively and he had first-rate voices, including that of Flora Robson, to give variety to his own by reading the cited passages. He has an easy sense of humour. I like his linking of *Take-It-or-Leave-It English* (or *American*) with *Take-Her-And-Leave-Her* plots in hairy-chested fiction. He shows no self-consciousness in providing his own type of *Air-Script English*, which is as free of patronage as it is of pomp. But must the speaker fail in grammar in order to put listeners at ease? I am presuming that Mr. Rossiter wrote "*He was me*" instead of "*He was I*" on purpose.

One of the pitfalls of all writing, *air-script* or otherwise, is the seemingly serious remark or usage of phrase which is, in fact, intended to be satirical. When he wrote an early novel about Cambridge life, a book which has just come of age, Mr. Rossiter used some jargon against which I, reviewing it, protested. I am now gently reminded that what I scolded was put

forward as a parody of jargon and not jargon itself. I herewith apologize, twenty-one years late, for my obtuseness. But I surmise that here, too, there is a lesson both for writers and talkers. Never expect a joke of any subtlety to be seen unless the audience knows that there are jokes in the air. My experience as a journalist, as well as in broadcasting, has continually taught me that observations ironically made are all too solemnly accepted.

IVOR BROWN.

CROWNING GLORY

THE ASCENT OF EVEREST. By John Hunt.
Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

"THIS is the story of how, on 29th May 1953, two men, both endowed with outstanding stamina and skill, inspired by an unflinching resolve, reached the top of Everest and came back unscathed to rejoin their comrades." So writes the leader of the expedition in the first paragraph of his book; a finely written story of a great adventure.

John Hunt has been most careful to view his magnificent achievement in proper perspective. Generously, even perhaps too modestly, he attributes his success to the men who paved the way in earlier years, and to the loyalty and unselfishness of his own team. But it is sad, nevertheless, that there are still few people who realize that Norton and Sommervell, wearing tweed jackets and without the aid of oxygen, climbed to within 900 feet of the top thirty years ago; this was on but one of the nine previous expeditions to Everest. It is also sad that so little acknowledgment by the general public has been given to the other members of this present expedition, each of whom played a vital part in order that Hillary and Tenzing might be put in a position to reach the summit. Taking one of many examples, George Lowe spent eleven consecutive days hacking out a veritable staircase between 22,000 and 26,000 feet, so that the assault teams and their supporting Sherpas might conserve energy for their own supreme efforts on the final 3,000 feet.

Perhaps the greatest factor which has helped to develop the technique of high climbing is the use of oxygen. In past attempts on Everest and other high mountains, oxygen has not been widely used, partly because many felt it to be wrong ethically, but mainly because there was no practical apparatus which was light enough to be worth the extra burden of carrying. Recently, however, this second objection has been largely overcome by the use of light alloys and by the notable work done by Tom Bourdillon, himself a member of this expedition, and his father. John Hunt based his whole plan on oxygen and his subsequent success is a landmark in this, as in other, aspects of high altitude climbing.

Another interesting and highly controversial matter which has been focussed more clearly by the ascent of Everest is the question of the ideal number of climbers for an expedition. In the mountaineering world opinions range widely from that of a great veteran pioneer who maintains that "any party larger than one is a large expedition," to the more liberal ideas of the Russians who are reported to have mustered some thirty-five trained climbers at the foot of the north side of Everest this summer. Certainly John Hunt's party would seem to vindicate the moderately large expedition; he had eleven climbers and two doctors, and required some 300 porters to transport his gear to the foot of the mountain. That he handled this far from wieldy body and in addition managed to back-pack three tons of equipment up to nearly 22,000 feet through a difficult ice-fall, that he got a team to the summit and above all that everyone returned safely from the mountain, is a splendid feat indeed. But it is a tribute surely to the great administrative ability of the leader and the fine co-operation of all members of the party, rather than to the size of the expedition. It may well be that the greatest mountains in the world can only be climbed by a process similar to that of a military operation—although it has yet to be shown just what a really small, mobile and fit party could do in these circumstances. Whatever the ver-

THE TALYLLYN RAILWAY

dict, it would be tragic if the success of this expedition to Everest should prove to be a death-blow to the small private expedition, organized—as a leader of a previous Everest expedition and a great exponent of the small party puts it—“on the back of an old envelope.”

John Hunt has written a book which gives us a detailed story of the expedition from the early, busy days in London to the triumphant return. Painstaking in every way, he has written a plain matter-of-fact account which reads well and maintains a natural mounting excitement. Who can fail to be thrilled by the climax of the story, written briskly and simply by Hillary himself, telling of the final climb to the South Peak and beyond, over the narrow corniced ridge to the top?

There are forty-eight pages of photographs, including several beautiful colour plates, and many sketches drawn by Charles Evans, the deputy leader of the expedition. The book is a modest account of a splendid achievement and recaptures that spirit of determination, courage and endurance which stirred the imagination of the whole world on the morning of June 2, 1953 when the news of the success was so dramatically announced.

R. M. W. MARSH.

THE TALYLLYN RAILWAY

RAILWAY ADVENTURE. By L. T. C. Rolt.
Constable. 21s.

THIS is the heaven-sent book for all those railway enthusiasts—and there are thousands of them—for whom railway working is a field of serious but enjoyable study, and who like to be taken behind the scenes and shown exactly what is involved in making sure that the daily advertised timetable is faithfully kept. The railway of which Mr. Rolt writes is indeed a very little one—the Talyllyn narrow gauge line in North Wales, with ten miles of track, and four trains a day running in the summer months only. It sounds easy enough, but it was only by prodigies of inventiveness and endurance on the part of the small band of mostly voluntary and

almost all amateur workers that for two summer seasons the line was kept open and the traffic kept moving.

In 1949 Mr. Rolt was instrumental in forming the Talyllyn Railway Preservation Society, which raised the money to re-equip, take over, and run the old railway, which otherwise would have gone the sad way of the neighbouring Corris Railway and ceased to be. It meant tackling a sea of trouble—track to be renewed and relaid, bridges to be strengthened, stations painted, and the two 1866 engines somehow to be made to go. One of them was really beyond hope, and the other temperamental in the extreme. In the second season they added two more, bought from the old Corris Railway, and one of these was so hopeless that they called it *Love's Labour Lost*. All the shifts to which he and his fellow-workers were put, all the stratagems they adopted, all the daily emergencies they surmounted are revealed and described with great vividness. The result is a piece of writing enthralling when it remains a narrative, but irritating when it becomes, as so often it does, a rhetorical jeremiad on all the features of modern social and industrial organization which Mr. Rolt dislikes. The wise reader will skip the moralizing, and rejoice all the more in the adventure.

The Talyllyn Railway was built originally in 1867 to serve the slate quarries at Brynglas and the very scattered farming community. But when the slate quarries closed down, the line had to cater more and more for numerous holiday makers, who discovered the beauty and the fun it could offer them, rejoiced in it and popularized it. The farming community rather faded out of the picture. But they were still there, and when Mr. Rolt took over he set his duty to them above everything else. This was not only because they were after all his only regular customers, but because they and their lovely valley won his heart.

Mr. Rolt was able to build his host of varied volunteers into a happy team, and get the best out of them. The enterprise needed all they could give. Because it got it, the little trains continued to run. The

farmers got their coal and the tourists their ride. All were happy, but none more so than Mr. Rolt and his collaborators. Long may the line they saved flourish.

ROGER LLOYD.

Short Stories

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR.
Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

COLLECTED STORIES. James Hanley.
Macdonald. 15s.

THE ENORMOUS RADIO. John Cheever.
Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

THE PICK OF TODAY'S SHORT STORIES : 4th Series. Edited by John Pudney.
Putnam. 10s. 6d.

BELLS RUNG BACKWARDS. Oliver Onions.
Staples. 10s. 6d.

THE LAST HUSBAND. William Humphrey.
Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.

THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN. Ray Bradbury. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 10s. 6d.

HAVING admired the work of Frank O'Connor and James Hanley for the past twenty years, I welcomed the prospect of their collected short stories in one-volume editions. I must confess, however, that I am slightly disappointed with both. Neither book contains *all* the stories of each author. They are selections of what each considers his best stories, and this raises the point : Is it a good thing for authors themselves to choose the stories for such ventures ? Aren't they likely to miss out stories which, although not favoured by themselves, are favoured by most of their readers ? In his preface Mr. O'Connor says that in gathering his stories he had in mind to have "the Perfect Book, the book which sums up all that he has ever wished to be or do from the days when he was a penniless dreamy youngster wandering the streets of a pro-

vincial town." To do this, therefore, he has omitted all the stories in his first book, *Guests of the Nation*. It is a pity, in my opinion, not to have included at least one of these, to show if nothing else Mr. O'Connor's development as a short story artist. However, to compensate for this, we are given five new stories, four of which are among the best work Mr. O'Connor has ever done. I don't care for the fifth, but I will leave prospective readers to guess as to which story it is. Frank O'Connor is at his best when writing about old people or children, and I defy anybody to find better, more amusing or subtly pathetic studies of a small boy than *My Ædipus Complex*, *First Confession* and *Christmas Morning*. For these alone this book would be memorable. I do hope, though, that one day Mr. O'Connor will bring *all* his stories between the same covers.

Since the early days of *Boy*, *Captain Bottell* and *Aria and Finale*, James Hanley has been famous as a writer about the sea and sailors. One would have expected, therefore, that there would have been more stories about the sea in this collection. Apart from three or four, including *The Road*, an excellent tale of a sailor returning after ten years to find that his home and family have perished in the blitz, and *Fancy Free*, a vivacious study of a sailor courting a buxom barmaid, most of the stories, however, have other subjects and backgrounds. They cover a wide range of keen observation, pity for the foibles of humankind, and a deep knowledge of character. Mr. Hanley is a versatile and powerful, if somewhat sombre writer, and here again is a collection that should be bought and cherished.

John Cheever, a young American who has won a Guggenheim Fellowship, is one of the most remarkable contributors to the *New Yorker*, and fourteen stories which appeared first in that magazine are now collected together. They are ironic transcripts of American city life, dealing mostly with seedy characters striving to keep up appearances. I found them amusing, witty, and rather frightening. *The Pot of Gold*, dealing with the tribula-

SHORT STORIES

tions of Ralph and Laura, who are always on the point of "bettering themselves," is perhaps the most frightening. Their repeated failure to extract anything from life and their continual "bad luck" is so contemporary that one sees their prototypes everywhere, crosses one's fingers, and says: "There but for the grace of God. . . ." Mr. Cheever is a superb artist, and I hope we will soon get another acid-dipped collection from his typewriter. I hope, too, that in twenty years time when Mr. Cheever collects all his stories, he will not see fit to discard most of these.

A Torrent Damned, a story not contained in Frank O'Connor's collection, is printed in *The Pick of Today's Short Stories, 4th Series*, edited by John Pudney. This annual collection looks as though it may take the place of the late Edward J. O'Brien's *Best Stories of the Year* series. It has the same wide scope and careful editorship. These twenty-six stories by known and unknown authors should please most short story addicts. Among them is work by H. E. Bates, Angus Wilson, J. D. Scott, Bruce Marshall and Robin Maugham. I enjoyed most of them, but the one which delighted me most is Laurence Thompson's *Flower of Cities*: the story of an Arab soldier in London for the Coronation. He is miserable in a leaking tent in Kensington Gardens, gets robbed by a street-woman, is shown the secrets of Scotland Yard, but remains unmoved until he becomes friends with a mounted policeman, they "talk horse," and then he thinks: "London is the greatest, the most wonderful city in the world. Its horses. . . ."

The five stories in Oliver Onions' *Bells Ring Backwards* are all worthy of his celebrated *Widdershins*. Each of them is a beautifully written excursion into the supernatural. Not the supernatural of stark-visaged ghosts and unearthly shrieks, but the supernatural of weird atmospheres and people attuned to certain periods. The bells ring backwards to bring a brown-faced lover through a rosewood door to a twentieth-century girl with disastrous results; to show the shade of a woman beloved of his elder brother to a boy of

sixteen; and to transport an innocent, religious beauty back to the thrall of Dionysus and other dark gods. These stories were written from 1922 to 1930, so apart from their journeyings into the even remoter past many readers will find their descriptions of the leisurely lives of people in the twenties nostalgic if not fascinating and slightly unbelievable. Did people living by the sale of their family heirlooms really manage to give such fabulous house-parties? Did American widows manage to travel in luxury by chaperoning the daughters of Italian millionaires? And, above all, was the tempo of life so gay and calm and effortless? In this atom-minded age, where people are too mundane to think of the supernatural, it hardly seems possible. *The Rosewood Door* and *The Painted Face* are really short novels, and no praise is too high for their elegance, beauty and eerie charm.

Like Mr. Onions, William Humphrey, a new young American writer, has a penchant for the longer story or novella, but there the resemblance ends. Mr. Humphrey's approach is much more matter-of-fact and realistic. His title story, about two men who start an uneasy friendship when commuting from their country homes to their businesses in New York, has a swift, modern tempo suited to people who make such journeys and lead such brittle, fevered lives. Mr. Humphrey has no truck with the supernatural. His subtleties are confined to explorations in human relationships. A number of these ten tales deal with children and the Deep South, and of these *Sister*, about a girl who keeps nineteen cats in the house and nearly drives her family and servants mad with the smell, and *Quail for Mr. Forester*, a study of one of America's "new poor," are to be recommended.

I have little space left to discuss Ray Bradbury's new book, but think it is sufficient to say that it is a very good collection of fantastic stories. Mr. Bradbury has justly made a name as one of the best writers of science-fiction, and this volume should disappoint none of his admirers.

FRED URQUHART.

Novels

- THE GOODLY SEED. John Wyllie. *Secker and Warburg*. 12s. 6d.
 BARCELONA ROAD. Laura Talbot. *Macmillan*. 12s. 6d.
 THE GIPSY IN THE PARLOUR. Margery Sharp. *Collins*. 10s. 6d.
 THE EVERINTERESTING TOPIC. William Cooper. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.
 ANOTHER SPRING. C. Fraser-Simson. *Hale*. 9s. 6d.
 THE SECOND CURTAIN. Roy Fuller. *Verschoyle*. 12s. 6d.
 A MATTER OF MINUTES. Patrick Howarth. *Wingate*. 8s. 6d.

TOO many prisoner-of-war novels? *The Goodly Seed* is an unusual one, and very well done. In a Japanese island-prison the prisoners' commandant, an Englishman whom all respect, is dying. Who will replace him? The situation is a test of the strength of character of Van Reebek, junior to other Dutch officers and not of pure Dutch descent. The test includes ability to endure brutality as well as natural hardships. The situation and a wide range of characters (doctors, padres, Japanese Christian, Indonesian homicidal maniac and others) are combined to make a moving story in which the focus becomes a shared humanity over-riding race and circumstance. John Wyllie, writing with mastery, knowledge and conviction, makes it a story of hope.

A very different theme and plane of existence are presented by *Barcelona Road*—a slice of Hove that is imagined virtually as a community. Here Lady Lilah, married to journalist George Shincombe because he is common and has a wealthy father, falls for lady-killing dentist Trent because she is bored and because he is more, and more truly, common than George. All and sundry—Trent's pretty secretary, Lilah's neighbours—are in varying degrees aware of and affected by the intrigue. Though as side-interest there is a "true love" episode, the tale does not leave a pleasant taste, but it is sharply etched and uncomfortably realistic in its

denial of depth and worth to most of its characters.

There is not in *The Gipsy in the Parlour* the incisive drawing that I expect of Margery Sharp. The time is 1870, the scene mostly a Devon farm, where the big inarticulate farm-bound Sylvester brothers live with their Brunhildas of wives—all but Stephen who brings home Fanny Davis, Welsh milliner from Plymouth, only for her to fall invalid before their wedding-day. We are shown the scene through the retrospective eyes of a niece whom Fanny made great efforts to captivate and who was young enough to be hoodwinked. But to the reader things are more obvious, and soon we perceive what is in store for heir-apparent Charles Sylvester and the Cockney Brunhilda, Clara Bow. So the book moves to its tranquil ending, its characters, with the exception, perhaps, of the only unsympathetic one, leaving no marked impression on one's memory.

Isn't a school-story a push-over for character-study? In *The Everinteresting Topic* the theme is novel—the decision of a progressive headmaster to include sex-education in the curriculum of his minor school. This brings to its climax his struggle with a hostile, bee-bonnetted second-in-command. Out goes one headmaster (and over-much of the interest with him), in comes another, fanatically bent upon a clean-up. Boys here figure in the story, since the reformer must have his deserving victims—whereupon out goes he. Virtually the whole story, however, is told in terms of the Common Room and of masters who seem to take singularly little interest in their pupils, though rather more in the school as an institution. Subject to this qualification, the varied characters are drawn with provocative realism.

It is a great shock to nineteen-year-old Gale Fenton when her "father" dies, a fresh shock when her unsympathetic "mother" blurts out that she is an adopted child. Off she goes to London, to cut adrift, and there a motor-accident introduces her to a social group that is partly artistic and wholly unlike her

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country-home circles. So she makes a fresh start, and might have met disaster but for the gentle protection of a man who has learnt compassion from suffering. At a timely moment Gale's family-by-adoption catch up with her again, and as soon as "brother" Bill questions the quality of that protection, the end is in sight. *Another Spring* is a capable bit of work—but too obviously that.

From its tranquil start *The Second Curtain* develops surprisingly into an unconventional thriller. Garner (a literary figure admirably drawn) is invited by a man whom he understands to be a powerful industrialist to edit a new literary magazine. There seems no connection—why should there be?—between this and the disappearance of the old school-friend with whom Garner has long carried on a self-conscious correspondence. Indeed only clumsy over-insistence by the principals in villainy, together with excessive simulation of friendliness by the pretty secretary, lead Garner to the truth. And then having reached it—but having inevitably robbed you of the book's initial surprise, I will not spoil its final shock.

Finally, a slight story entertainingly told—in fact, *A Matter of Minutes*. Minutes, letters, brief excerpts from newspapers tell how a Ministry of Tourism was formed and staffed, and how and why one of its temporary officers found his wife and lost his job. Patrick Howarth manages his little skit excellently, though I daresay that its finer points will escape those people (if there are any?) who have never worked in a Government office. I like the publishers' description—"this cautionary tale of the Welfare State."

MILWARD KENNEDY.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE appearance of the Complete Short Stories and the Collected Plays of Mr. Somerset Maugham in three volume editions has proved so successful that Messrs. Heinemann have followed them up with a similar edition of *The Selected Novels* (15s.

each). To each volume the author has contributed a new Preface and these are illuminating and full of interesting data set down in most economical terms. The note on "Cakes and Ale," containing a character called Alroy Kear who has certain foibles also possessed by the late Sir Hugh Walpole gives some idea of the difficulties experienced by a novelist when he uses an acquaintance as a partial model. "Poor Hugh," comments Mr. Maugham, "was bitterly affronted." He was, and Mr. Maugham is not at all generous in his remarks about him in this new Preface.

* * *

Dramatists of To-day (Staples. 16s.), by J. C. Trewin, is a valuable supplement to the author's brilliant survey, *The Theatre Since 1900*. Mr. Trewin, like other first-rate critics, has the art of appreciation at his finger-tips. His valuations, lively, pleasantly sly—read his remarks on Mr. Eliot—are always well-informed. His omissions are negligible, but perhaps he might have found room for a word on C. K. Munro's *At Mrs. Beam's*. Mr. Trewin's two books give by far the best picture of the contemporary British theatre. I should mention here also Mr. Trewin's *Plays of the Year*, Vol. 8 (Elek. 18s.), including Alan Melville's delicious *Dear Charles* and Louis Verneuil's *Affairs of State*. Peter Davies has just brought out the first of a three-volume edition of *Plays by Gordon Daviot* (15s. each). In an interesting Foreword Sir John Gielgud notes that Gordon Daviot's plays, with those of Clifford Bax, and Rudolph Besier's *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, gave fresh life to the romantic theatre of their day.

* * *

Lord Hervey's Memoirs was such a roaring success that it is not surprising to find Mr. David Erskine bringing out *Augustus Hervey's Journal* (Kimber. 25s.). Augustus, who became Earl of Bristol and Vice-Admiral of the Blue, gives "an intimate account of the life of a Captain in the Royal Navy from 1746 to 1759." He did not possess the narrative genius of his father, the distinguished author of the

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Memoirs, but he was frank, knowledgeable, a keen adherent of his profession, a staunch supporter of poor Admiral Byng, and an untiring admirer of ladies in almost every walk of life. Mr. Erskine has done well to present the reminiscences of a man of ability and charm.

Mr. Peter Scott and Mr. James Fisher have written a fascinating study of the pink-footed goose, the most abundant and the wildest of our British wild geese, in *A Thousand Geese* (Collins. 21s.). Very well produced and illustrated, the book describes the expedition to Iceland in 1951 when the principal breeding ground of the pink-foot was discovered in an oasis in the central desert there.

The reprinting of lectures in book form is not always successful. There is no doubt about the value of Mr. Stephen Spender's *The Creative Element* (Hamilton. 15s.), based on a series of lectures given

early in 1953 at Cincinnati University. Ostensibly Mr. Spender is looking for an answer to Beaudelaire's question, "What, under Heaven, has this world henceforth to do?" Ranging from Matthew Arnold to Mr. Eliot and George Orwell, Mr. Spender is indefatigable and entirely sincere in his search. It was well worth making—and setting down in this book.

Fr. Philip Hughes' second volume of *The Reformation in England* is entitled *Religio Depopulata* (Hollis & Carter. 42s.) It covers the period from the fall of Thomas Cromwell in 1540 to Queen Mary's death on the same day as that of Cardinal Pole in 1558. The exploratory industry of the author is remarkable, and whatever one may think about his point of view he is a most able historical writer. A third volume will deal with religion in the reign of Elizabeth I.

Mrs. Judith Bickle in *Further Poems* (Hale. 7s. 6d.) and Mr. Alexander Buist in *The Gleam and The Dark* (Ronald. 7s. 6d.) are both friendly, simple, accomplished writers of verse. They make far better company than some of their more pretentious contemporaries who have been accorded solemn critical respect.

There is no disputing the varied talents and accomplishments of the Terrys and the Gielguds. Now, Mrs. Kate Terry Gielgud, mother of Val and Sir John, writes *An Autobiography* (Reinhardt. 21s.) which shows her as an acute observer, and a sound judge of people, places, plays and performers. Recommended especially to lovers of theatrical reminiscence.

Reflections on the Cinema (Kimber. 18s.), by M. René Clair, is certainly not, as he is careful to point out, a history of the cinema. It is a racy, lively, provocative book about what the author feels, thinks, and to some extent, has experienced in the cinema. The translation might be better and misprints have not been avoided.

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Books in Brief

One of the loveliest and wildest regions of Scotland, *Torridon Highlands* (Hale, 18s.), illustrated by the fine photographs of Mr. Robert Adam, is commemorated in the latest "Regional Book," written by Miss Brenda G. Macrow, who has succeeded in conveying the "feel" of the place very well indeed.

* * *

The literature of hotels and hoteliers ought to be much larger than it is. There are two additions to it. Sir Compton Mackenzie paints a friendly picture of *The Savoy of London* (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) in a beautifully produced and illustrated book, in which the colour is especially good. Mr. Auguste Wild, who has worked in hotels all over the place from Switzerland to Cairo, and now, at the age of eighty-four, controls one in London and another in Bournemouth, tells his crowded life story in *Mixed Grill in Cairo* (Wild, 10s. 6d.). He has chosen the right title for this account of his varied experiences. Sir Ronald Storrs has written a pleasant introduction.

* * *

The World's Classics have done handsomely by the drama but I am not altogether happy about *Nineteenth Century Plays* (Cumberlege, O.U.P. 7s. 6d.), edited with an Introduction by Mr. George Rowell. Beginning with Douglas Jerrold's *Black Ey'd Susan* and ending with Sidney Grundy's *A Pair of Spectacles*, and including plays by Bulwer Lytton, Reade and Taylor, Boucicault, Tom Taylor, T. E. Robertson, and others, Mr. Rowell prints no example of the work of Sheridan Knowles. This is indeed a bleak period for British drama and I hope that the publication of these pieces in this famous series will not suggest to some industrious young thing that he should write a thesis about any of these unimportant playwrights, except, perhaps T. W. Robertson.

E. G.

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THE PATTERN OF SAVINGS

By ALEXANDER MILTON

ALL the evidence coming from America makes the point that if we are to compete effectively against the other manufacturing nations of the world, and so achieve a much more substantial surplus on our balance of payments, we must enable industry to spend more on mechanization. We can do this only if our savings as a nation are large enough to finance adequate schemes of capital development. In a very real sense, therefore, saving to-day represents income to-morrow.

The importance of capital development was in effect underlined by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler, in his recent warning to manufacturers that

ground was being lost in overseas markets. We cannot maintain for long a standard of living we do not earn, but higher productivity, the slogan so often on the lips of political and economic spokesmen, can be achieved only if industry has sufficient capital to improve old techniques and develop new ones. Capital, however, is not merely a question of money. Basically it presupposes a deliberate foregoing of consumption, and in all matters of thrift the present generation compares unfavourably with the Victorians, whose enthusiasm in enlarging the national income had yet to be damped by the zeal of 20th-century tax-gatherers.

After the War, when sufficient savings were not forthcoming from the country at large, the then Socialist Administration adopted a policy of forced saving through budget surpluses. Sir Stafford Cripps is often popularly associated with this policy of surplus financing, but in fact it was first introduced by Mr. Hugh Dalton, after the sterling convertibility crisis of 1947. The method of combatting inflation by budget surplus—in essence depression economics in reverse—lacked flexibility, and the rate of taxation necessary to achieve the desired end was too high for the long-term economic health of the country. Nevertheless, it did achieve some measure of success and monetary conditions were relatively stable during the two years before the outbreak of the Korean war.

It was in 1948 that this policy was first reflected in the savings pattern of the country, and for three years thereafter the Government was one of the most important sources of saving: in 1949 the gross saving made by the Government was £572 million, in 1950 £651 million and in 1951 £592 million. By 1952 the figure had fallen to £337 million. An illuminating comparison can be made with the figures for public companies—£978 million,

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The Pattern of Savings

£1,213 million, £1,229 million and £1,045 million respectively. The rest of the country, including the nationalized industries, local authorities, as well as private firms and individuals, saved very little. Private persons were drawing on their past savings, while the nationalized industries and local authorities were drawing on the Government surplus to finance their extensive capital expenditure.

The problem of saving since the war must be considered in two phases. Immediately after 1945 the economy was generally liquid, for funds had been accumulated during the war both by industry and by private persons. The problem of saving in those days was not so much to guide money into the hands of users as to keep money off the market. Mr. Hugh Dalton in a very apt phrase said that too much money was chasing too few goods. To-day we are relatively less concerned about inflation, and more thought is given to the problem of getting the money saved into the hands of those people best equipped to spend it. The surplus funds acquired by the Government tend to be used to cover the capital requirements of the local authorities and the nationalized industries. As a country we need savings, formerly provided by the middle classes, which can be used by industry as "risk" capital. Unfortunately, two World Wars, the growing demands of the Welfare State, and the rigorous application of the principle of progressive taxation, have all weakened the ability of the middle classes to save. For this reason, other sources of saving must be found which do not suffer from the disadvantages inherent in forced saving by the authorities.

The desirability of encouraging the worker to invest in industry has been widely canvassed in recent years. This is a very good idea, but it is doubtful whether it will come to pass to any very great extent, or perhaps be very satisfactory in practice if it did. British industry needs equity capital, and this is just the kind of risk to which labour would probably be unwilling to subscribe. Most people to-day, and certainly all in the

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lower income groups, put their money aside for some set purpose. Accordingly, fluctuations in capital values would not always be appreciated—particularly around Christmas-time, when withdrawals are normally made. The evidence that has recently been coming from the Midlands, where some publicity is being given to worker-investment projects, suggests that this new type of investor is very cautious; risk capital obviously comes more easily from those with a greater margin to spare. It is doubtful, too, whether overmuch support for schemes encouraging investment by workers would be given by the trade unions, who may well be disposed to regard worker-investment projects with reserve.

An interesting suggestion has recently been put forward by Lord Piercy, chairman of the Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation, that savings should be encouraged by the introduction of a State Lottery. Lord Piercy's scheme differs from a straightforward lottery insofar as the stake money is not lost. Everybody who competes is given a Premium Bond which would carry a very low rate of interest. The total sum represented by the difference between the low rate of interest and the ruling rate would be distributed as lottery prizes among the holders of those Premium Bonds. As these prizes would be tax-free, the net interest charge to the Government would be higher than for other bonds of comparable maturity, but the scheme is at least in line with the economic needs of our times. The former middle-class pockets of saving no longer exist, and with the greater equalization of incomes numerous little sums must be attracted from a large number of people. The lottery scheme has strong competitors, and, moreover, does not solve the problem of transfer, that is, how to get the money from the people to industry. The funds would accumulate in the hands of the authorities, and would remain in official channels and not flow towards industry.

The football pools, which may have served as a source of inspiration for Lord Piercy, do strengthen the savings position of the country by drawing small amounts

from a large number of people and subsequently distributing larger sums among a fortunate few. Some of the winnings will be spent immediately, but there is a good chance that a considerable proportion will be invested outside Government securities. The sums involved in football and similar pools are considerable. In 1952-53 the gross stake money amounted to £68 million, and some 30 per cent. of this sum was collected by the State as Pool Betting Duty. In addition, there are the normal inland revenue duties charged on the profits of the organizers. The net advantage to the country of Lord Piercy's scheme may, therefore, be less than would seem at first sight. There is, however, irony in the thought that the destruction of the former middle class by taxation may lead future Governments to consider the establishment of a new privileged class by lottery. The accident of birth yields to the luck of the draw.

But, at the present time, there is little hope that the private investor will regain his former influence. He still has an important part to play, but it will be a diminishing part, and this situation will not be changed by exhortation, by general lamentation, or even by lotteries. A possible solution lies in the industrial framework. According to the national income blue book the public companies added to their financial assets in each of the years 1948-52, that is to say, while the rest of the country were net borrowers, the public companies and the central government were net lenders. At first sight this seems out of line with the widespread notion that industry is short of capital. Experience has doubtless varied, and the public companies include an important source of finance in the insurance companies. But it may be that with relatively little fiscal encouragement industry could become even more independent of the capital market than is sometimes supposed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has already gone some of the way along the road by re-introducing the initial allowances for capital expenditure, and by fixing a time for the abolition of the Excess Profits Levy. Such a policy will increase

THE PATTERN OF SAVINGS

the burden on the private taxpayer, which will be greater or less according to the amount of support given to the budgetary position by the small saver through the National Savings Movement.

The inescapable fact to-day is that industry will save more of each 20s. received through taxation relief than will the private individual. In modern conditions, therefore, the best way to finance future technical development may well be by encouraging the accumulation of greater company reserves. Fiscal action along these lines would not prove the complete answer to the danger of a shortage of risk capital. It is essentially a supplementary measure and one intended to support and not supplant the existing financial machinery. But it does have the merit of leaving funds in the hands of industry to provide the best form of "risk" capital, their own money.

ALEXANDER MILTON.

RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

THE Delius Trust are continuing their fine work in bringing to us the composer's *Appalachian* (Columbia 33CX1112), which is to be issued soon, and the now issued *In a Summer Garden* and *Over the Hills and Far Away* (Columbia 33C1017—a 10-inch L.P.), with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the R.P.O. on both discs.

The *Summer Garden* disc has as perfect a performance of the lovely piece on it as one could ever hope to hear, and *Over the Hills and Far Away* (composed thirteen years earlier) is no less perfect a performance of music not so finely wrought, but unmistakably by Delius. The recording of both pieces is admirable. This last tone-poem headed the concert of Delius's music given in the old St. James's Hall on May 30th, 1899, and was therefore the first orchestral piece by him to be heard in this country. The Press notices, printed in

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Philip Heseltine's life, make entertaining reading, and evidently one paper took him for a foreigner. "M. Delius' music is bizarre and cacophonous to a degree almost unapproached," wrote the *Sunday Sun*, and begged him to cheer up!

Some of Bartok's music, particularly in his middle period, might well be described by the epithets above, but not the *Concerto for Orchestra* which Karajan has now recorded with the Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia 33CX1054). It reproduces much more clearly than the Decca Van Beinum issue (LXT2529) and is a virtuoso orchestral performance, with the human element less in evidence than in Van Beinum's interpretation.

If I had a record token left after buying the Delius disc, I should spend it on two of Haydn's symphonies splendidly played and recorded by Mogens Wöldike and the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra (Decca LXT2832). No. 44 in E minor ("Mourning Symphony") and No. 48 in C major ("Maria Theresa") belong to the Esterhazy period of 1770-79. No. 44

"laments the death of a hero" (Haydn wished the serene slow movement (E major) to be played at his own funeral) and No. 48 is a gay and festive work composed for a visit of the Empress in 1773. The weight of tone used is exactly right and the issue is in every way a most enjoyable one.

Also recommended: Barber's *Adagio for Strings*, Kletski—Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia CL1595): Mozart's Overture *Lucio Silla*, Harry Blech—London Mozart Players (H.M.V. C4235). This is a little gem.

There are many duplications this month in all the categories of music listed, and in some of them the differences are not sufficiently marked to make a choice inevitable. The reader who has yet to acquire, let us say, recordings of Brahms's First or Third Symphonies, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto or Fourth Symphony, should consult the two volumes of *The Record Year*, by Edward Sackville-West and Desmond Shawe-Taylor, for trustworthy verdicts on what has already been issued. In this column I must, for the most part, deal with works not before recorded or works, if often before recorded, performed in so superior a way as to make reference to them imperative. That is not the case with the works mentioned above, which are issued in new performances this month. They are good, not outstanding.

Instrumental

Dr. Schweitzer has recorded six of Bach's *Chorale Preludes* on the organ of his parish church at Günsbach, including *O Mensch, bewein*, with two contrasted registrations, and *Nun Komm' der Heiden Heiland*, perhaps the finest of all. Excellent recording and noble playing (Columbia 33CX1081). Gulda's performance of Chopin's *Twenty-Four Preludes*, and the recording of the piano, are preferable to the *Vox disc* of Guiomar Novaes (PL6170). He occasionally disappoints but as a whole his interpretations are sensitive and musically (Decca LXT2837).

Opera

We now have the second of the recordings of historic broadcasts by Toscanini,

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Verdi's *Otello*, and, as in *La Bohème*, the best vocal performance comes from a baritone, this time Guiseppe Valdengo, the Dago. Without being a great Othello, Vinay is very good and easily secures our sympathies for the tortured man, and Herva Nelli is an excellent Desdemona who needs only to develop a sense of style to make her a noteworthy artist. Minor roles are well sung and there is a good chorus. All the soloists are, as usually happens, placed far too near the microphone, and there is one bad patch of orchestral recording at the start of Act 4; but, with all its imperfections, this recording does enable one almost throughout to revel in the great conductor's marvellous handling of the score. This time he does not take part in the vocal numbers! (H.M.V. ALP1090-2).

The new *Tosca*, with Callas, Stefano and Gobbi, is rather better recorded than the Decca one, but it is not such an artistic success as a whole. Sabata is more dramatic than Erede, Gobbi is a better Scarpia than Mascherini, the orchestral

sound is splendid; but Callas, to my surprise, was not at all thrilling in Act 2, and Tebaldi both here and elsewhere gives a better sung and vocally acted performance, while Stefano is still too much in love with his superb voice to pay much attention to nuance (Columbia 33CX1094-5).

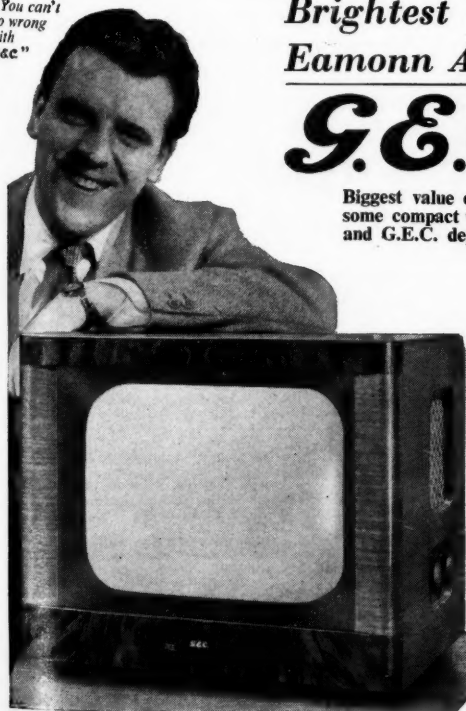
As there are two more recordings of *Lohengrin* on the way to join the one just issued by H.M.V., I shall reserve comment until their appearance.

Songs

I warmly recommend a lovely performance by Lotte Lehmann and Bruno Walter of Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, which those readers who remember the incomparable Lehmann will especially enjoy. Walter's accompanying is exquisitely sensitive and if balance and piano tone are not ideal they are also not seriously disturbing (Columbia 33C1020). Also recommended: Strauss's *Four Last Songs* (Lisa della Casa—Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Böhm (Decca LW5056)). Beautiful singing and playing.

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